

*The* *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**

Religious Education  
EXHIBIT  
Pacific School of Religion



★ **This Is a Free Country**  
—Marjorie Moore Armstrong

★ **When There Are Children**  
—Louise Price Bell

**JULY, 1952 • 25c**



# The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

IDA PARKER BIEBER, *Assistant Editor*

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### Fireside Chat

In July, what American magazine would be complete without a flag upon its cover? Besides, any commemoration of the Declaration of Independence ought to have a religious aspect. As you may recall, in the very first paragraphs the men who wrote the Declaration refer to God and the Creator, and in their concluding sentence they declare their "firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence."

We've titled our cover "Parade." The little family pictured there typifies families all over the land as they watch the flags go by. But where is the parade? Fill in the picture as you will—with venerable old men in Blue and Gray; with smiling, navy- and khaki-clad veterans of World War I; with proud, thoughtful legionnaires from World War II; with youthful veterans from Korea.

In our "Parade," the flag rests firmly on Christian ideals. Its stars are the sparks of divine inspiration. Christian families will need as they propel their country forward toward global Christian goals. And the stripes? They are the paths, direct and straight, that lead to the deep blue of the stratospheric heights true followers of Christ may reach.

★ Inside the cover we hope you'll find gems that sparkle like Roman candles bursting against a darkened sky. What could be more appropriate for the first article than "This Is a Free Country," by the wife of a Congressman.

★ An article on family camping evaluates this type of vacation. And the author "was there"! So were some photographers. ★ " "Friendly Town" Call" shows how inhabitants of one part of our country have, year after year, helped the children of less fortunate families enjoy a vacation. ★ For studies in human relations, you'll enjoy "Where the Heart Is" and "Just Like a Man." Tell us how you like this issue!

### Next Month . . .

We are as impatient to unwrap these treats for you as a 9-year-old with a bag of fireworks. Here's just a squint—"Encouraging Your Child to Be Creative"; "Twentieth Century Family Album," with samples; "Table Talk on Bible Versions: New Versions Are Not New"—the first in a series of three articles; and more . . .

### Picture Credits

National Gallery of Art, Kress Collection, page 1; G. Harris from *Black Star*, top and bottom, page 10; Paul Altobelli from Hannah E. Berry, page 14; James Kavallines, page 22; courtesy of the "Herald Tribune" Fresh Air Fund, pages 22 and 23.

Cover Design: Dorothy Bieber Farley





National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.  
(Samuel H. Kress Collection)

—Bacchiacca

# A Word from The Word

## THE GATHERING OF MANNA

### *Whose God is the Lord?*

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord,

The people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven;

He beholdeth all the sons of men;

From the place of his habitation he looketh forth

Upon all the inhabitants of the earth,

He that fashioneth the hearts of them all,

That considereth all their works.

There is no king saved by the multitude of a host:

A mighty man is not delivered by great strength.

A horse is a vain thing for safety;

Neither doth he deliver any by his great power.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him,

Upon them that hope in his lovingkindness;

To deliver their soul from death,

And to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul hath waited for the Lord:

He is our help and our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him,

Because we have trusted in his holy name.

Let thy lovingkindness, O Lord, be upon us,

According as we have hoped in thee.

—Psalm 33:12-22.





*A thought for the Fourth: Freedom begins at home. Here a Congressman's wife relates how she and her husband teach their children the real meaning of . . .*

# THIS IS A FREE

With this explanation Charles seemed satisfied.

**E**VERY AMERICAN has to "discover America" for himself. Congressmen's children are no exception.

Four happy people—Father, our two "little men" just about to be teen-agers, and I climbed into the car for a short trip. We were still chuckling over the various comic features of the community affair we had attended.

"That take-off on Truman!" my husband squealed in his rare falsetto. Then he put his head down on the steering wheel to laugh some more at the perfect imitation by an amateur at the climax of the evening's entertainment.

All of us were laughing hard about it except Charles. He was only smiling politely, and thinking. In a minute I knew why. "Won't that guy be arrested for making fun of the President?" he asked.

His dad straightened up, started the car, got it out of the parking space and into the line of traffic. Then he answered: "No one can be arrested in this country, Son, for poking fun at a political or civic leader. In Russia, yes; in Argentina and Spain, yes; but not in the U. S. A.—at least, not yet. This is a free country. You may sue anyone who says or writes anything false about you that hurts you in business or in other ways. That is what is called slander and libel. But even then, the truth is a defense for the one who is sued."

"But Daddy, he made fun of President Truman, and everybody laughed." Charles's sense of fair play was aroused.

"That's true, but there's no law against it. Mr. Truman was not harmed. Dictators cannot afford to allow themselves to be laughed at if they are to keep their power, but in a democracy, the head of the state is kept in office by the will of the people, and cartoons and take-offs emphasizing his most conspicuous mannerisms are only in fun."

Once in a long while, a motion picture comes to town that we parents agree is worth seeing, and occasionally we make it a family treat.

"Go for Broke" interested us especially because we had both known Japanese-Americans in the armed forces in World War II, and we were familiar with the Relocation Centers from which they came after they were uprooted from the West Coast. We wanted our sons to understand that phase of American history; so we all went to the movie together to see "Go for Broke."

When the first scene of the Nisei in American uniform appeared on the screen, Stanley leaned over and whispered: "They spies?"

"No, they're our infantrymen," I whispered back. "But they're Japs!" He used a term that is taboo with my husband and me, but his big brother fought in the Pacific and he picked it up from him.

"No, Son, these are not enemies in American uniform. They are Americans."

This conversation in whispers was disturbing the neighbors, but Stanley didn't notice. "Well, they look like Japs," he persisted.

"Keep your mind on the story, Stanley. I'll explain later."

Outside the theater, he resumed the conversation with, "I still say they looked like Japs."

"They were Japanese-Americans, Stanley. American citizenship is not a matter of looks, and never has been. The citizens of the U. S. A. include people from all three racial stocks and from every nation. Since 1924, Japanese entering this country have not been permitted the right to become citizens because of the Oriental Exclusion Act, but their children are citizens if born in this country. Some Japanese have been given citizenship by a special act of Congress because of their bravery and loyalty in the defense of this country. During the war 110,000 loyal Japanese-Americans were removed from their homes in



# COUNTRY!

California and kept in American-style concentration camps for years."

"Weren't they dangerous?"

"The FBI said they were not. All suspects had already been rounded up. These were babes in arms, elderly men and women, teen-agers, and young parents—everybody in the Little Tokyos and on the farms the immigrants had created out of deserts. Then, from behind barbed wire, those 'Japs,' as you call them, were drafted into the U.S. armed services to fight for freedom. They became the most decorated unit of the military forces. A lot of them died for the Stars and Stripes in Italy."

Stanley and Charles were both silent, and I added, "You can never tell by looking at a person whether he's an American or not. This is a free country."



The older boy and I were halfway through lunch one day when Charles stomped in from school.

"Waitin' on ya, Charles," I said, teasing, and Stanley added, "Just like one pig waits on another. But we saved you a little."

The way Charles flung himself into his seat at the table silenced my three-times-daily reminder to wash his hands before eating.

"What's wrong, Son?"

"Oh, that old patrol boy!" Tears filled those big brown eyes as they always did when he couldn't cope with a situation.

"What patrol boy?" Stanley asked.

"Just because I rode across that intersection by the school, he made me go back and walk my bike across it ten times. I'm going to get him!" Charles was trying to eat but couldn't swallow.

"Did you know you're not supposed to ride your bike across?" I asked gently.

"No. . ."

"Yes, you did, too," Stanley put in. "I told ya."

"Well, it's silly. All those rules are silly," and Charles went off into a torrent of harsh

words against the traffic regulations and the director of the patrol boys. I let him talk.

"When you get to wear the belt and direct traffic," I suggested quietly, "the rules won't seem. . ."

"I'm not going to be a patrol boy," he interrupted. "I wouldn't be one if they asked me. They're always bossing people around. I hate 'em. And I'm going to get even with that guy if it takes all year!"

The boy was too angry to enjoy his lunch, and I decided to change the subject for the time being. After school I had some cold fruit juice and a plate of Charles's favorite cookies ready for our regular midafternoon snack.

After he had drained his glass, and the bigger boy had gone off to get a haircut, I broached the subject of the patrol boys. "Did you have any trouble this time, Son?"

"NO," he said belligerently, "I came the back way. I wish they'd leave me alone!"

Here's something that wouldn't "just blow over," I reasoned quickly, because Charles had a bad attitude to correct if he was to avoid further difficulty.

"Now look, Son, the patrols at school do not make the rules. The school does. It is for the protection of those kindergartners and the first grade youngsters. The bigger pupils agree to the rules for their sake."

"I didn't!" he asserted.

"No, you came in February, but you are expected to obey them because they have grown out of the school's experience, and they work. If you think any of the rules are unnecessary or wrong, it's your privilege to go to the principal and tell her why you don't like them. If you think one of the patrol boys has it in for you, or is being overbearing and unjust, you have a right to go to the officer in charge and report him."

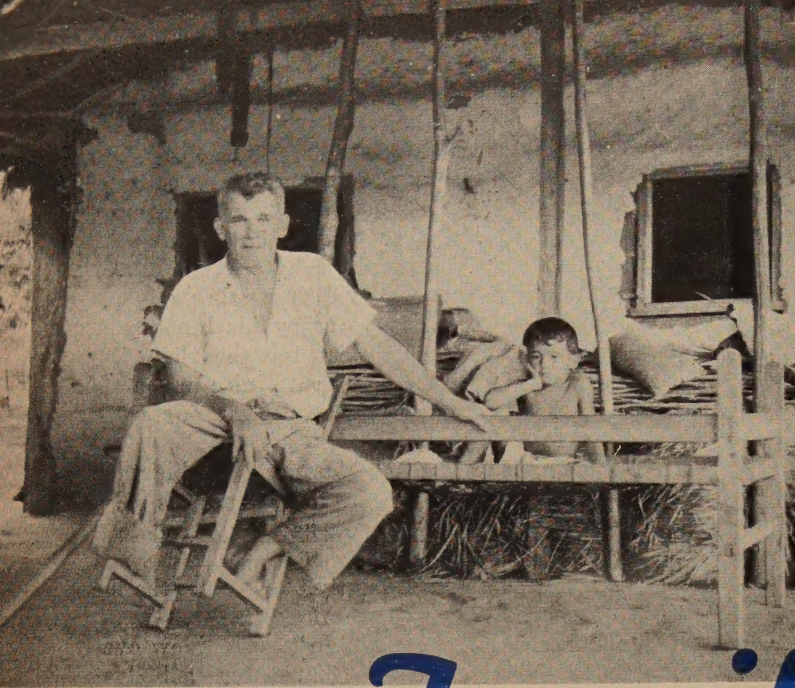
Charles was nibbling absent-mindedly on a cookie.

"But you cannot deliberately ignore or break the rule without getting yourself into trouble. You know

*(Continued on page 30.)*







"Don Ernesto is content with his farm, his home, his wife, his family. The new life in Christ has brought him joy," writes the author. Behind him, sitting on a bed, is his son Sixto.

# Family Life in

**T**HE FERNANDEZ FAMILY lives in a modest home which, for the average farm family in Paraguay, is large and commodious. The house sits at the top of a hill overlooking a small pasture. Off to the south, one sees the grazing lands of Carmin; down the hill to the right of the house is the spring from which the family carries its drinking water. In front of the house is a grass-covered yard, kept mowed by a milch cow, her calf and two horses. At noon one can hear the horses, tied in the grove of trees to the left of the house, switching flies and stomping.

The house consists of two gable-roof units built side by side. Each thatched roof covers about 300 feet of floor space. A hollowed palm log hung between the two units serves as a gutter. The first unit has one enclosed room 12 feet by 9 feet, which serves as a bedroom in winter and as a storage space for tools, seeds, wire, clothes and other items that must be locked up. The rest of the unit is open and is used as a dining and living room as well as work space for threshing beans, cleaning cotton and for other indoor work from the farm. The floor is dirt, and is kept clean by constant sweeping.

In the second unit is the kitchen and another open area that is used as the master bedroom. The kitchen is not the well-equipped, time- or linoleum-floored room that would delight almost any North American or Paraguayan housewife. Nor does it compare favorably to the kitchen on many subsistence farms in the United States. Light filters through the cracks between the wood slabs that form the walls. The upper half of two of the three doors is hinged, to admit more light, most of which is absorbed by the smoke-blackened walls. The fire is built on the floor, and the cooking kettle hangs over the fire on a wire attached to the ridgepole.

Mrs. Fernandez is more fortunate than many of her Paraguayan friends, for she has more than one three-legged cast-iron kettle in which to cook for her family of four boys and husband. In many homes there is but one kettle. Besides, Mrs. Fernandez is the proud owner of a skillet. There are several granite plates and a large spoon for each member of the family.

The food cooked in the Fernandez home does not vary much from day to day, but there is always an

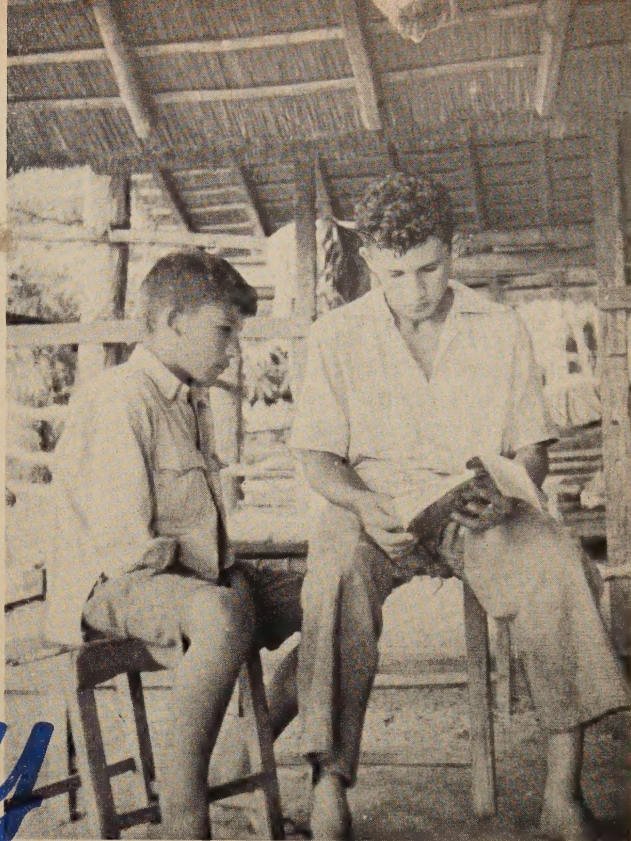
abundance. Cassava, the Paraguayan staff of life, is cooked for every meal. Hominy stewed with jerky (beef cut in strips and dried in the sun) is a favorite dish. Beans cooked with onions are a delight to the growing boys. Rice flavored with homemade cheese, with a little cabbage and onions added, is delectable for any visitor. The specialty of the house is sopa Paraguaya. To make sopa, mix a batter as for spoon bread; add a half cup of chopped onions and three-fourths cup of a not too mild cheese, and a bit more shortening than is required for spoon bread or corn bread. Bake until done. That is a dish good for any gathering. To make sopa properly, however, one should cook the whole grain, and then grind it by hand in a wooden mortar.

When a guest comes he is likely to hear a chicken's squawk cut short. The chicken has begun the path to the stew pot. At mealtime the guest is a bit embarrassed to find the whole chicken placed before him, with the friendly invitation, "Eat it all. It was killed for you." The author bears witness that Mrs. Fernandez is a good cook and uses well the cooking utensils which are hers.



Once more a HEARTHSTONE missionary-reporter broadens our horizons. By air mail, barely in time for this month's issue, came the pictures and this true story of a simple farm family in far-off Paraguay. Here you'll meet the Fernandez family, learn how they live, the problems they have, and the way they were brought to Christ through an alert and eager son

# Paraguay



Manuel reads to his brother Eliodero. Manuel had to quit school to go to work, but he reads much better now than when he first attended Sunday school. He is much happier on the farm than he is working for wages.

**B**ESIDES Mr. and Mrs. Fernandez there are four boys in the family: Manuel, age 16, Eliodero, 12, Sixto, 5, and Francisco, 2. Don Ernesto, the father, is a strong man at fifty-five years. At the age of 18 he lost his right leg as a result of an injury received while working cattle in Brazil. He has supported his family as a cowboy and as a storekeeper. He now owns his small farm, and this, plus a small bunch of cattle which he runs on a friend's ranch, is his means of livelihood today. He is a friendly man with whom one can enjoy spending the day. Mrs. Fernandez is a pleasant woman

who loves her family. She enjoys having visitors in her home and, though she is unable to talk with those who cannot speak Guaraní, she makes her visitors feel at home.

**M**ANUEL was the first of the family to hear the gospel and to accept Christ as his Savior. The family was then living in the town of Coronel Oviedo. Though but twelve years of age, Manuel was helping to support the family by working for a builder, who talked to him about the Christ. Manuel

began visiting the Social Center after work and on days when he could not work. Sundays he attended the Bible study class and worship service. He was baptized in 1950. His conversion and steadfastness through difficulties have made him an example of Christ living in the heart of a lad.

At first Don Ernesto did not object to his son's attending the Sunday school and playing at the Center on the days he was not working. He saw that Manuel was learning to speak a little more Spanish and was also learning to read better. However, relatives and neighbors began to persuade Don Ernesto that his son was doing wrong. Manuel was forbidden by his father to play at the Center and to attend the Bible class. Manuel resolved that no matter what might happen, he would not turn back from his new-found life and joy. His New

Testament was taken from him by his father, who was going to burn it.

A view of the two thatched units of the Fernandez home. As all five pictures show, the house and its furnishings are crude but the faces of the occupants beam with pride and happiness.

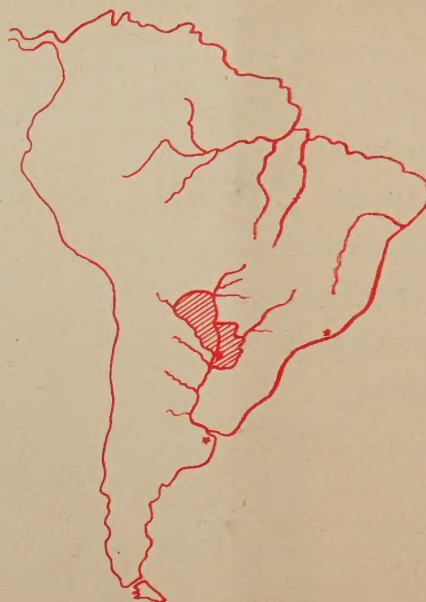




Later, in commenting on his loss, Manuel said, "I think now that it was good that my father took my New Testament. He did not burn it as he said. My father reads it when I am not at home."

Early one Sunday morning one of the men who attended the Bible class and worship services arrived with the news, "Manuel's brother is dying of diphtheria. Mrs. Fernandez is waiting with him at the doctor's office. The doctor will not attend them until it is his usual time to get up." When the doctor finally got up, he advised the mother to return home with the child so that he could die there instead of in the street. He placed the family under quarantine and ordered that each member should be vaccinated. A policeman was sent to maintain the quarantine. One of the missionaries purchased the vaccine and ordered the coffin for the boy. Later, Don Ernesto carefully repaid all the money that was used for the purchase of the medicine and the coffin.

But Manuel's brother died, and because of the quarantine, no one was permitted to attend the funeral. After he was buried, the neighbors accused the family of committing a great wrong because they were not permitted at the fu-



**Paraguay (the shaded area on the map) is a landlocked republic, with about the same area as California and the same population as Colorado. Its capital, Asuncion, is the same distance from the equator as Mexico City. Its navigable rivers—the Paraguay, cutting through the center, and the Parana, bordering it on the south and east—afford the chief means of transportation. About 95% of its population is concentrated between these two rivers. The stars on the map represent Asuncion, in Paraguay; to the south, Buenos Aires, Argentina; to the east, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.**

neral, because a Protestant had read the Scriptures in the cemetery, and because a heretic had conducted the funeral service with police protection. These accusations alienated Don Ernesto from the gospel.

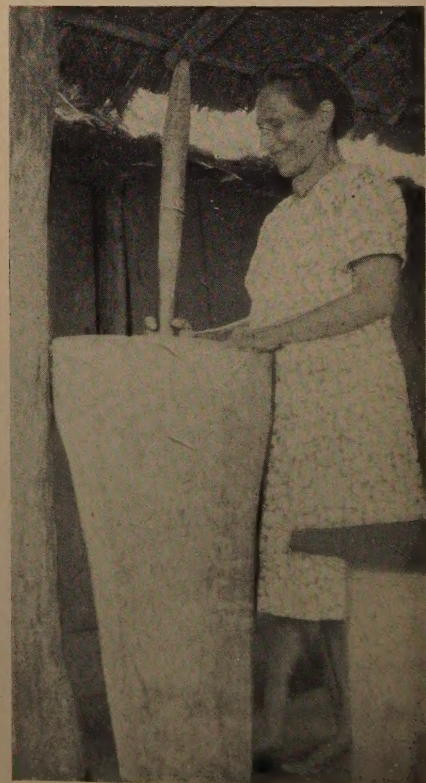
Several months after the death of the child an evangelical relative from Asuncion visited Don Ernesto. Their conversation together was the beginning of Ernesto's earnest reflection on the meaning of the Christian way of life as revealed in the New Testament. However, he liked to drink the native rum. Gambling with cards and visiting loose women

**Homemaking in rural Paraguay is not facilitated nor expedited by modern conveniences. To the left, Mrs. Fernandez is sewing a shirt for one of the boys. Having no machine, she does all her sewing by hand. To the right, she stands at a wooden mortar, grinding the corn to make sopa Paraguaya. But whatever she cooks, one ingredient she quite evidently adds is love.**

were his pleasures. Such actions, he thought, showed his virility.

His reflection on the new life as he sees it not only in his son but also in the life of a friend has brought Don Ernesto closer to the Lord. He is discovering that masculinity is not expressed in giving one's self to the pleasures of the flesh but in goodness. His pleasure now is in his home. God is now not an enemy to be cursed when crops fail but a friend to be loved. Cantankerous neighbors are to be pitied rather than injured. One of his neighbors will not keep his stock in his own pasture nor will he help build a fence between the two farms. His oxen, pigs and horses like Ernesto's green corn and have eaten more than their share from what the Fernandez family has sown. Don Ernesto's first thought was to shoot the pigs and beat the other animals. Then he began to build a fence, saying, "It is better to live at peace with one's neighbor even though it is necessary to make a sacrifice."

Mr. and Mrs. Fernandez are to be baptized in the near future. Jesus entered their home through the heart of a lad who has borne witness of Christ's love for all men. *They have come to believe!*





# Where the Heart Is

A Story by

**RHODA  
ELIZABETH  
PLAYFAIR**



"You're wrong about a city, you know, Millie. It has no magic to bring your dreams to life. That's up to you, anywhere you may be."

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE BENSON

**T**HE SMOOTH GREEN SEAT of the bus felt comfortable. It invited relaxation. But Mrs. Harvey was finding it difficult to relax, although she rested her gray head against the leather back of the seat and stretched her feet out in front of her. The steady, monotonous rhythm of the bus formed a background for her restless thoughts. She found it hard—impossible, even—to realize that this was to be her last trip to Greenfield.

Beside her on the window side of the bus the girl in the red dress moved restlessly. Mrs. Harvey turned her head just a little to look at her. She was a pretty girl with her smooth young cheeks and her yellow hair pulled back and up in clusters of soft curls, but there was something more than prettiness that attracted Mrs. Harvey's glance. There was a suppressed liveliness about the small, firm mouth and the brown eyes that made Mrs. Harvey think of her own girlhood when the years had stretched like a long, green carpet before her.

*She is so young,* Mrs. Harvey thought incredulously, looking at the girl beside her. So very young—as young as I was when I first came to Greenfield. The thought was suddenly unwelcome to her. She did not want to think back. She looked quickly at the single leather suitcase resting in the luggage compartment above her head. Better to think of that. Better to think of Leona telling her sensibly, "You'll only need one case, Mother. You won't be gone for long."

She felt strangely uneasy at the memory of Leona's words. It was true, Mrs. Harvey reflected, there would be no need to stay in Greenfield for long. With Kenneth gone the sensible thing to do was to sell the



old place and move back East. Leona had promised to have a comfortable little apartment ready for her. It was a perfect arrangement really, and yet . . .

The bus moved heavily around a curve in the graveled road. Mrs. Harvey sat up straighter in her seat and tried to peer past the girl in the red dress. There ought to be some familiar landmarks out there now. She felt an impatient longing to see them again, to identify herself once more with this part of the country that was as well known to her as the palms of her hands.

**SHE FOUND** it difficult to see the scenery when she must look beyond a second person. She looked at the girl staring idly at the purse she held in her lap and found herself looking at it, too. She could make out the name "Millie" from the letters that edged across one corner of the cheap brown leatherette.

Mrs. Harvey looked at it with interest. The girl seemed less of a stranger to her now. *Millie*. She felt a curious interest in this young person. By chance, then, she was to sit next to a girl called Millie on this journey to Greenfield.

In spite of herself Mrs. Harvey was remembering with vivid clarity the first time she had journeyed this way. It was Kenneth who sat beside her then, and their years together were only beginning. She thought of those years, long and rich with living, lumping them together in her memory so that no one stood out clearly, but all were welded together in a feeling of great warmth inside of her. Impossible to think that they were gone now, that the children were grown with homes of their own, and that with the selling of the house she would sever this last link with the past.

"Would you like to sit next to the window? I could trade."

Mrs. Harvey started abruptly.

The girl called Millie was looking at her, brown eyes curious.

"Why—thank you, but . . .," Mrs. Harvey stammered uncertainly. "I'm sorry if I seemed rude. It's just that—it seems a long time since I've come this way and I was interested in seeing everything. But I couldn't take your seat. Don't you want to see things for yourself?"

The girl shrugged her thin shoulders in the tight-fitting dress and a look almost of bitterness replaced the momentary show of curiosity on her pretty face.

"What's there to see? Go ahead if you want to."

She stood up waiting for Mrs. Harvey to slide over beside the window and sank into the seat the older woman had vacated.

Mrs. Harvey stared

through the window. The words Millie had spoken were nagging at the edge of her thoughts.

"What's there to see?" Indeed, what was there to see? The prairie landscape was flat and unlovely, stretching across long, unmarked miles to the horizon. Looking from the window, Mrs. Harvey found it was just as she had known it would be, yet the sight brought a strange peace to her heart.

The girl in the red dress was speaking to her again.

"You going on very far?"

"No, not far now. Just to Greenfield."

Not far now. Mrs. Harvey felt the quick surge of excitement sweep through her and was annoyed at her own feeling. She ought not to be feeling this way when . . .

"Mine's the stop after next," Millie was saying. "I been away working for a while, but George has been after me to come home. He's the fellow I been going with for two years now. He wants me to get married and settle down."

Mrs. Harvey smiled at the unexpected confidence. The girl was so young.

"And you are ready to do as George asks, is that it?"

Millie frowned a little. "I dunno. I guess maybe I will but I sure don't like the idea of living in a little place for years and years."

*I didn't, either*, Mrs. Harvey thought quickly. *I didn't, either. But Kenneth altered all that. Kenneth, and the years that came and went like a stream flowing rapidly across its bed—now smooth, now rocky, but always moving forward.*

**THE BUS** was rolling into another small town now. It was no different from the many they had passed already, yet Mrs. Harvey found herself looking at it eagerly.

There was an almost unbearable familiarity about that one main street with the row of weather-beaten stores and the grain elevator with its coat of dull red paint rising solidly above them. Mrs. Harvey liked to think of the elevator as a link with faraway places for those whose lives depended on the grain.

(Continued on next page.)

## *These Things*

These things I ask of life, my dear,

A roof, quite small, somewhere  
Far enough away from town for  
A breath of country air.

Geraniums growing in a pot  
Upon my kitchen sill,  
A silver birch tree I can see  
When dawn is bright and still.

A friendly kitten for the hearth,  
And ample logs to burn,  
A window, wide and clear, to watch  
The passing seasons turn.

And most of all, my dear, your love  
To guide and bless each day,  
A shining light through every hour  
All along life's way.

CATHERINE E. BERRY



The bus eased to a stop and the driver rose. "Ten-minute stop here!" He half turned to call the words over his shoulder as he left his seat. Mrs. Harvey watched him disappear inside a building with the word "Cafe" written across its dusty window.

"It would be nice to get out and stretch. Won't you come and have a cup of coffee with me?"

She could see Millie looking at her a little surprised. Then the blonde head nodded. "Okay!"

The fresh air felt good after the warmth inside. Mrs. Harvey breathed in deeply, feeling the serenity of a wide expanse of earth and sky about her. With a light step she followed Millie into the crowded interior of the room that called itself "Cafe."

"This isn't much of a place." Millie's voice sounded tired, somehow, and she looked with disgust at the room around her. Mrs. Harvey was looking, too. She saw the huge dusty calendars that sought to brighten the dark walls a little, the faded window curtains, and the thick white cups that held their coffee. She was seeing it suddenly as it must look to Millie, who was young yet and in her youth had dreamed a dream that took her far from a cafe such as this. Mrs. Harvey knew how Millie must be hating it. Once she. . .

"It's not so bad, Millie. The coffee is good. Isn't that what really matters?"

She saw the brown eyes open wider in surprise and pointed to the brown purse lying on the table top beside them. "I hope you won't mind my calling you Millie. I must have a name for you. I'm Alice Harvey."

"I don't mind, Mrs. Harvey." Listlessly she stirred the coffee in the thick white cup. "It's not so bad for you, I guess, because you've had things different. I'd like to know different places, too, not just settle down in one little town where there's nothing at all to do."

*It was that way with me at first,* thought Mrs. Harvey, and she smiled a secret smile as she looked at the girl opposite.

"No, Millie, things haven't really been so different for me. I lived in Greenfield all my married life. I went there when I was young—

like you are—young and restless for all the things that life could give me." She hesitated a moment, then added softly, "And I found them all."

She saw that Millie was staring at her in surprise, her face alert and interested now.

"You lived in Greenfield? You know—I never took you for a small-town woman. You look like—a city lady." She paused, her glance taking in the well-tailored navy suit, the leather bag, and gloves of the older woman."

"Well, I'm not." Amusement lingered for a moment in the depths of the gray eyes fixed on Millie. "I'll never forget the day I went to Greenfield and saw the house that Kenneth had written and told me about. It was built of wide unpainted boards and the front steps were missing. The yard was full of weeds and there was no fence to mark where our place ended and our neighbors' began. Nothing but more weeds."

"That must have been awful for you!"

Mrs. Harvey shook her head. "I thought so, too, at first, but I didn't want Kenneth to see how disappointed I was; so I tried to say something nice about our 'future home.' He said something then that I've always remembered. He said, 'No, Alice. This is only the house in which we'll build our home!'"

"And you lived in that house?"

"Yes, we lived there. And Kenneth was right about building a home. We did it with our dreams at first, and later with paint and brick and hard work."

**T**HERE WAS a sudden-scramble of people rising and cups being pushed back as the bus driver rose to leave the room. Mrs. Harvey and Millie hurried to the bus.

"You figure on staying in Greenfield now?"

Mrs. Harvey stared almost guiltily at the question. She was finding it hard to concentrate on what Millie was saying. Her mind kept going backward. All those years in Greenfield. All those

years with Kenneth, and then the children coming and growing up and going to school. She kept remembering them. She chided herself for the memory.

Mrs. Harvey smoothed her gloves out slowly, one finger at a time. "No—I'm not staying." She hesitated a little, then went on. "I'm just going back to sell my place. You see, my husband died and I've been staying with my children in the East. They want me to come back and make a home near them. They're getting an apartment all ready for me."

"That sounds wonderful for you!" There was a longing in her voice that troubled Mrs. Harvey. "There's so much to do in a city. I keep saying to George, why not move into a big town and get a job and see some life while we're young. But not George! He says he likes livin' in a little place. It beats me why. You're smart to be gettin' away now, when you have a chance."



Mrs. Harvey frowned a little. If there was only some way that she could tell Millie—but what was it she wanted to tell? She was leaving Greenfield, wasn't she? It must look to Millie as if . . . Suddenly she wanted to cry out in protest. *But that's not why I'm going, Millie. You don't understand. There's lots to do in a little place, too. There's church suppers and school concerts, and always a cake or a batch of sandwiches to fix for a box social. Don't you know about those things, too?*

She couldn't say the words aloud. Instead, she looked at the little blonde girl beside her and slowly shook her head. "I don't know, Millie," she said truthfully. "I just don't know. Sometimes I think it will be—lonely."

"Oh, but you'll have your children. You can visit them, and you'll make new friends."

Mrs. Harvey looked away from Millie out of the window again. That was the way Leona and young Kenneth had reasoned, and she had let herself be persuaded. Things looked different now.

*(Continued on page 26.)*





*Christian fellowship and fun within the family, with other Christian families—that's family camping! But read this bristling-with-facts account that answers the question . . .*

# DOE MAKE



**W**ATCH, DAD, watch me. . . I can float!" and a fair-haired boy of eight plunged face downward into the children's pool to show his father his newly developed skill. It was family playtime at the American Baptist Assembly, Green Lake, Wisconsin, where twenty families from all over the country had come for ten days of recreation, study, fellowship, and worship. At the end of the all too brief camping period, these folks would part, feeling that family camping *does* make a difference.

The purpose of the family camp is to provide an opportunity for parents and children to grow closer to each other, to Christian friends, and to God in the right kind of atmosphere. This type of program is a unique challenge to the church in Christian education. Church leaders can help plan the kind of experience which will have a lasting and beneficial effect in the development of Christian character.

The family camp affords an opportunity to apply the basic principles of Christ to home life. No wonder that most church groups are rapidly expanding their family camp programs. We learn by doing, and family camping offers a combination of theory and practice which gives depth to Christian meanings.

Perhaps the best way to make clear what this program can do is



**At the top, a family leads the morning devotions at the Disciples' family camp in Cuivre River State Park near Troy, 55 miles north of St. Louis. At the bottom, the family recreation period at that camp. Center, going places at the Baptist camp a Green Lake, Wisconsin.**



# Family CAMPING DIFFERENCE

to examine a typical day spent at the Green Lake Family Camp:

The day begins with breakfast in the mess hall. After some warm food there is singing, and the day is started in a happy mood. The families then return to their rooms for "clean-up" time. The children have their assigned duties, and the entire family works at sweeping, dusting, and making the beds. The keynote of the camp is, "Do it together."

It is now time for classes. The preschool children have a supervised program of play, Bible stories, and handwork. Those of primary and junior age also have their directed programs, which are graded to their age and interests. Simultaneously, the parents are attending classes of their choice, either Bible Study, Family Problems, or How to Build a Family Program in the Local Church. The parents profit greatly from this study under competent leaders, with whom they have ample time to discuss their family life and the church work relating thereto.

A family recreation period follows the classes, and lasts from 11 A.M. until noon. Everyone now has a chance to go swimming or hiking, or to play softball, volleyball or any other group game. The families are encouraged to spend the time playing together rather than to go their separate ways. Family fun thus becomes a habit

at family camp.

At lunch the larger families occupy tables by themselves, and the smaller families are grouped together. The seating arrangements are changed every other day so that all may become better acquainted with one another. It has been found wise to limit a family camp to about twenty-five families, who will then live in the warm and informal atmosphere which a smaller group provides.

Lunch is followed by an hour of quiet, when the families go to their rooms for a period of rest together. Some sleep; others write letters or read stories to the children.

Next comes the craft period, which most of the campers greatly enjoy. Some make ceramic figurines, vases, jewelry, or salt and pepper sets. Others work in leather, make earrings with shells, or make little rings or bracelets from beads. Even the children of five years and older do simple handwork such as making leather belts, wallets, and simple figurines from ce-

ramic molds. At this time the younger children play in the sand box or on the swings, under the kindly eye of a supervisor. Many of the duties at the camp are shared by different parents on different days. This is all scheduled by the director, who works out the program democratically with those who attend.

From three o'clock until dinner-time the families are free to choose any of the various recreational activities which are offered—swimming, hiking, boating, softball and other games. Once again the emphasis is upon the family playing together as a unit.

Dinner is taken leisurely, with a great deal of good fellowship around the tables. Just before eating, one of the families, chosen in advance, conducts simple family devotions.

**AFTER DINNER** the bell tolls for Angelus; then each family finds a secluded spot out of doors where they sit down together on a blanket and have family prayers.



**A family at the Green Lake camp ready for family prayers. (The Green Lake pictures are from a family album.)**



Different members of the family participate, using the *Secret Place* as a devotional guide. One child may read the Scripture selection, and another the verse for the day. Then they go around the circle and each one is encouraged to offer his own prayer and say what he wants to tell God. How often the prayers of little children are much more eloquent and natural than those of adults!

The families now pick up their blankets and slowly make their way to a beautiful hill overlooking the lake for family vespers, which is a twenty-minute period conducted by a guest minister. This worship is simple and the families sit together. The minister speaks upon themes of interest to the entire family. Only the preschool children do not attend. They are being supervised while their parents and older brothers and sisters are attending vespers.

It is now time for the smaller children to be put to bed, but those who are older join with their parents in group games and singing. After the older youngsters have retired, the parents meet for special programs and the discussion of vital problems. This is followed by an informal snack and group games, which give the par-

The "ayes" have it! Family camping DOES make a difference, to judge by the smiles at the Green Lake camp.



ents an opportunity to become better acquainted with each other.

This schedule does sound like a full day, and it is. But those who have attended are unanimous in their appreciation of the program. They found that it was not only fun, but constructive and creative as well. A great many young adults feel today that this type of vacation has a purpose and that it can mean more to them than the usual summer vacation.

Families feel the need of spending more time together and of deepening their Christian experience. They find family camping a good antidote for the fragmented, divided life they are forced to live

most of the year. Besides, many of the friendships made at family camps are lasting.

**FAMILY CAMPING** has many lasting values. For one thing, each family becomes a much more closely knit unit. Parents understand their children better, and vice versa. All feel they have more in common. The families also make new Christian friends, and it is a source of strength to realize that there are other Christian families who share common Christian ideals and purposes. The camp cultivates a deeper spiritual awareness in the families, and they come to feel that they are the active partners with God in the happy but often puzzling business of living. Then, too, there is the benefit which comes from just relaxing, playing, and enjoying life with a group.

One expert in the training and development of children says that parents should "play more with them, stay more with them, and pray more with them." This is exactly what the Christian family camp will enable parents to do. There can be no question but that nonreligious camping is growing by leaps and bounds in America. Our state parks are filled each summer with long waiting lists of people with trailers and tents. The larger cities of the country have made many types of day camps available. The probability is great that increasing numbers of the people in our churches are going to attend some kind of camp in the summer. Let us take the opportunity of stemming the tide of secularism in this field by establishing more church-sponsored Christian family camps.

## The Family Goes Camping Together

*Excerpts from a circular announcing the 1952 Central Area Family Camp of the Disciples of Christ*

### A Christian experience for the entire family

This camping program is designed for all the members of your family. Both parents are expected to be present during the entire camp period so that every family shall have the experience of enrichment, growth and fellowship for all its members.

#### Purpose

To strengthen family ties by providing daily opportunities for families to live, learn, work, play, and worship together; to enrich fellowship with other Christian families; and to enlarge faith by enjoying God's great out-of-doors.

#### Morning

For children—Story period, expressional activities, supervised play, and craft instructions.

For youth—Discussion period, special activities, and Bible study.

For parents—Study, discussion period, and interest groups.

#### Afternoon

For the entire family—Creative projects, crafts, hiking, swimming, and outdoor games, such as: archery, volley ball, horseshoes.

#### Evening

Inspiring vesper services . . . campfire programs . . . family games . . . Fireside forums . . . Fellowship activities for parents and youth after the children are "tucked in" for the night.

#### Accommodations

The camp is in a forest setting with cabins arranged in villages around a central dining room, recreation hall, an infirmary, offices and a swimming pool. A cabin cares for a family of six or less. Towels, linens and blankets are supplied. Families provide pillows and flashlights.

## Family camping strengthens family life.



*Today's kitchen, glamorous though it be, is still the homemaker's workshop for a large part of each day. But if you're not just a robot homemaker, you'll need more than a be-gadged laboratory. You'll find refreshing ideas*

172 . . .

THEY

*picked up*

THEIR KITCHENS

**Q**UITE BY ACCIDENT, Betty began to enjoy the time she spent in the kitchen. She married young, had a baby the first year, and the constant clutter of dishes and bottles seemed too much to face.

Worse, she lived in a small apartment with a sink that faced a blank wall. Her husband Tom was going to school and working, too, so she was alone with the baby most of the time. But because the apartment was small and she didn't know where to hang Tom's picture, she hung it over the sink. She found that, as she washed dishes with Tom's picture in front of her, her thoughts became happy ones and she enjoyed her work at the sink.

She thought it over. . . . She spent a large portion of her time in the kitchen and it should be a pleasant place. She took the pictures and snapshots of her family and friends and tacked them on the wall. Then she covered the pictures with a thin sheet of plastic so that the fumes from the gas stove wouldn't ruin them. It was easy to wash the plastic off with a damp cloth.

It was only a step to thumbtack her mother's latest letter beside the pictures. As Betty worked, she reread parts of the letter and she wasn't half as homesick as she used to be.

Betty's kitchen became so attractive that her friend Madeleine admired it. But Madeleine was

single and if she had hopes of a certain young man she wasn't going to tell the world by putting up his picture. She worked, lived alone, and each evening had to spend an hour or more in the kitchen. It was a dreary place; even the window behind the sink looked out on a narrow air shaft. She decided to do something about it.

She bought a new window shade, cut out bright pictures of flowers from magazines and fastened them on the inside of the shade with an adhesive tape. Whenever she grew tired of a picture or found one she liked better, she changed it. The pictures made her wish she could have some flowers for the drainboard, but she couldn't afford fresh ones; so she planted a sweet potato and some carrot tops.

To grow a sweet potato vine in the kitchen, stick a toothpick in each side of the potato and put it into a small jar about three-fourths full of water, balancing it on the toothpicks on the edge of the jar so that about a third of the potato protrudes above the jar. The potato will thus be about half in the water and that part will root; the other half will blossom. The vine will climb all over the window if trained. For carrot tops, merely chop a piece off the top of the carrot and put it in a little water in a saucer. It

will soon have gay, waving plumage.

That was the start of bright, attractive kitchens in Betty's set of friends. After Madeleine "picked up" her kitchen, the idea grew and changed to suit different interests. Sibyl was taking English literature in college and was supposed to memorize poetry but she never had the time, so she bought a plastic frame on a small easel and, instead of a picture, she put a poem in it. As soon as she had memorized the poem, she changed it and learned another.

Clara did almost the same thing, only she was a Sunday school teacher and wanted to memorize Bible verses so she could keep up with her class of junior girls. She bought a box of cards with verses printed on them and put the ones she wanted to learn on the wall with thumbtacks. The first one she memorized was the Twenty-third Psalm. It had amused her when she read that one of the characters in *The Big Fisherman* timed boiled eggs by reciting it, and she wanted to see if it did.

Rose was older than the other girls and saw in the kitchen "pick-up" an entirely different angle, one that suited her problem. She never found enough time to pray for those she loved. Dishwashing had become automatic, so on the wall she put the pictures of those for whom she wanted to pray. As she worked, she prayed.

Why not "pick up" your kitchen?







Johnny loves these toys. Perhaps he would learn to pick them up if he knew they would be in a "toy pound" every time he forgot to put them away.

# when there

*Only a busy mother could give these practical helps for other busy mothers with busy children who like to play*

**T**HERE ARE MANY little "tricks" that help the busy mother in homes where there are small children or children of different ages. For instance, babies who are just old enough to sit up and play do not have to have expensive toys. In fact, they usually have more fun with such simple things as small plastic balls, a set of vari-colored measuring spoons from the kitchen, empty cereal boxes for individual servings, and the like.

When baby is old enough to enjoy the popular pull-toys, he is likely to have difficulty hanging on to the string because small muscles do not coordinate too well. If, however, a rubber jar ring is at-

tached to the end of the string, the toddler can grasp and hold on to this with ease. Even tiny tots will spend a great deal of time out of doors if a clothesline is strung between a low fence and a tree or post, and a few pieces of cloth and clothespins are given them for "props." They love hanging clothes up and taking them down again, and it is a good way to keep them outside after they have tired of the sand pile and swing.

Speaking of sand piles, every mother knows that, although playing in the sand is one of the youngsters' favorite pastimes, it means plenty of sand on the floors inside. It helps if you can teach children to remove their sandals, and wipe off their bare, sand-dotted feet before they come into the house. But hungry children hurrying in for meals often forget such things. One mother decorated shoe boxes with the children's favorite nursery-rhyme characters and kept them in each child's room. The idea of emptying the sand from their shoes into these special boxes appealed to the children. In fact, they tried to see who could get the most in the boxes each week.

**O**RDER IS IMPORTANT later in life, and the habits of order can be instilled at an early age. A toy box, or chest, in the nursery is a great help. It can be the crudest kind of box, padded and covered with chintz to match curtains or counterpanes, or with plain material upon which a roaring lion or a trunk-swinging elephant holds forth in bold color. Mother and Daddy can easily make such a toy box, and the time and effort involved will be repaid by the interest the children will have in its use. Until such a chest is a part of the nursery furniture, a shopping bag, hung on the closet door-knob, will make a good substitute.

If you still have trouble in making the young ones realize that toys belong in a certain place, you can resort to such drastic means as establishing a "toy pound" on the order of the well-known dog pound. All dolls, blocks, and play equipment that are left lying around, go into the toy-pound for a week. This may be an old trunk which locks. It will not be long before the children will learn to pick up every toy, for a week is a long time for a child to be without his favorite toy train or teddy bear.

In the children's rooms, order should be encouraged. Rods in clothes closets should be low enough so that the little ones can reach them and hang their clothes on the hangers. Hooks should be within easy reach for the clothes, like pajamas, that do not require hangers. If, as soon as the children are old enough, they are taught to hang up their clothes, they will not



re

# CHILDREN

her ribbons to this with thumbtacks, following a heavy line that you have drawn on the cardboard. The line will be a guide for her when replacing them. This method keeps the ribbons smooth and unwrinkled, and at a glance small Betsy can select the one she wants. This is a real joy on mornings when she is afraid she may be late for school and it would take precious time to hunt through a disheveled dresser drawer.

If the hall closet is the spot where everyone's rubbers and galoshes are kept, write the names in each rubber with indelible ink or with a ball point pen. As an

touch that the young ones like

Let the children do as many things as they can to help create good habits. If a large piece of wallboard is hung from the molding in their room, they can use it to thumbtack the things they make in school, the pictures or cartoons they cut from magazines, or anything they want to exhibit. When the children are quite grown up, they may want to decorate it with party favors and programs, 4-H happenings, and football scores.

**I**F THE YOUNG members of the family have a part in the decoration of their rooms, they will take more interest in their appearance and try to keep them looking neat and orderly. Unbleached muslin curtains—which may later have a more grown-up design appliquéd upon them—may be the background for story-book dolls which the small occupant has cut out.

When children are old enough to help at all,

this helping should be made a routine and a privilege, but never a hardship. If children argue about whose turn it is to wash dishes, why not have one child wash on all the even days of the month, the other on the odd days? A mere glance at the kitchen calendar will settle all disputes.

A kitchen blackboard is a great help in the home, not only to jot down shopping lists, but to record messages for the members of the family. Train the children to write on this board to tell where they are going whenever they go out. Such messages as, "Down in the east pasture with Daddy," or "Over at Jack's they have a new goat," will put Mother's mind at rest if she comes home from town and finds the house empty.

So much depends upon the "little" things, that wise mothers should give them consideration. Not only will life then be simpler for parents but, with a little planning, good habits and ideas may be instilled in the minds of the children at an early age.

even think of doing anything else with them. To the mothers of teen-agers who toss their clothes here and there about the room, this may seem to be an overstatement. A poll on that very thing proves, however, that it is true. Therefore, do not wait until later to start your children in clothes-hanging habits. Start them at once! Small hangers planned for children's clothes are often decorated in an attractive fashion, or the home-decorator can paint each child's name on his own and give them a personalized air.

For the lads who have reached the baseball-football age, a swinging towel-rack, fastened to the back of the closet door, makes an ideal place to hang those baseball mitts, football helmets, gloves, belts and other boyish paraphernalia. To avoid marring the door, tack a piece of blotting paper or plastic behind the area used.

For the small daughter who wears hair ribbons, tack a large piece of cardboard (matching the color scheme of the room) to the inside of her closet door. Fasten

added aid for finding the mates in a hurry, clip each pair together with a spring-type clothespin bearing the owner's name. It is a good idea to make two sets of these clothespins, and give each child a set to take to school and use there. Any teacher knows the confusion that results at dismissal time when one child gets the wrong rubber.

The bathroom it is ideal if each member of the family can have a towel-bar of his own and be responsible for the appearance of it, making sure that towels and washclothes are neatly hung after each use. Lacking such space, why not give each child his choice of color for his towels and washcloth? He will then know which is his towel and which is his brother's or sister's. Even young children can identify their own in this way. And when they are older, if a certain color scheme is desired in the bathroom, each person's name can be written on his linens in pencil, then embroidered in a contrasting color, all in harmony with the room. If each person writes his own name, it gives a personalized



## A Little Star Creeps O'er the Hill

Anna M. Drayton Edith M. Caselberry

A lit - tle star creeps o'er the hill, While woods are dark and birds are still,  
The chil - dren fold their hands in prayer, And the love of God is ev - ery-where.

Reproduced from *Primary Music and Worship*, page 71.  
Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, 1938.

## My Father's Care

How strong and sweet my Father's care,  
That round about me, like the air,  
Is with me always, everywhere!  
He cares for me.

O Father, help me, then, each day  
To follow always Thy good Way,  
And show in all I do and say  
Thy care for me!<sup>1</sup>

STANZA 1-ANONYMOUS

STANZA 2-BLANCHE HOKE

## His Helper

God needs so many helpers  
To care for me and you,  
I'd like to be a helper  
To care for others, too!<sup>2</sup>

—ANONYMOUS

## My Garden

My garden is a tiny place,  
With seeds all in a row;  
I tend them with a loving care  
And God helps them to grow.  
For it is He who sends the rain,  
The sunshine warm and bright;  
The seeds I planted grow to bud,  
And blossom in the light.  
And when they bloom they smile and nod  
With faces turned to me;  
And God and I who made them grow  
Are happy as can be.<sup>3</sup>

—CALVIN W. LAUFER

<sup>1</sup>Stanza 2 from *Hymns for Junior Worship*, Westminster Press. Used by permission.

<sup>2</sup>Reprinted from the magazine, *Our Little People*, Methodist Publishing House. Used by permission.

<sup>3</sup>From *Primary Music and Worship*, Westminster Press. Copyright, 1930, by Calvin W. Laufer. Used by permission of Edward B. Laufer.



RESOURCE

with You

Children, as well as adults, need to feel the security of God's love and care. They can begin to understand God's love and care when they see evidences of their parents' love for them, and when they become aware of the wonder of nature as gifts of God.

A child's natural curiosity and wonder in discovering objects of nature can give parents a splendid opportunity to help their children appreciate God's world. Parents have opportunities to lead their children to see that God has planned for all his creatures, from the very smallest to the greatest. For example, when your child pointed to an ant hill, did you say, "Oh, that's an ant hill. That is where ants live," and go on your way? Or did you say, "V

### First Week—THE LOVE OF GOD IS EVERYWHERE

#### Bible Verses to Use

God created . . . every living creature.—Genesis 1:21.  
He hath made everything beautiful.—Ecclesiastes 3:11.

Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us?  
—Malachi 2:10. (P)

Read Psalm 104:10-14, 16-18, 25. (J)

#### Poems and Songs to Use

"A Little Star." (P)

"God Loves His Children Everywhere." (J)

"My Father's Care." (J)

#### Prayer

"Dear Father, Bless Each Little Child." (K)

### Second Week—GOD'S GOOD GIFTS SHOW HIS CARE

#### Bible Verses to Use

God . . . furnishes us with everything to enjoy.—1 Timothy 6:17. (J)

Repeat Bible verses used in First Week.

#### Poems to Use

"Summer Thanks." (P, J)

Meaning of abbreviations:

MBL—My Bible Leaflet

PPB—Primary Pupil's Book

N—Nursery (3-year-olds)

K—Kindergarten (4-5 years)

P—Primary (6-8)

J—Juniors (9-11)



## WORSHIP

# Children



an ant hill. Let's stop and watch the ants work." s the two of you sat fascinated, watching the tiny s and the patterns they were following, did you uch a simple statement as, "God planned for even atures to know how to live; I am glad for God's hich show his care"? Experiences such as this, with p, can contribute most to your child's religious growth. of the suggested verses, poems and stories listed ave been selected from the graded church school ma-being used this month. Other poems, songs, and are given on these pages to help you in moments of with your children. Abbreviations are explained ottom of the page.

### rd Week—GOD'S PLANS SHOW HIS CARE

#### verses to Use

make darkness, and it is night.—Psalm 104:20. (K)  
t verses used in First and Second Weeks.

#### to Use

's Plan for Food"—MBL, No. 42. (K)  
er Houses"—MBL, No. 94. (K)  
amilies Are Part of God's Plan"—PBL, No. 40, 3rd (P)

#### and Songs to Use

ne"—PBL, No. 40, 3rd Yr. (P)  
the Things." (N)  
Giveth His Beloved Sleep." (P, J)

#### to Do

a to Brahms' "Lullaby."

### rd Week—GOD SHOWS HIS CARE THROUGH HELPERS

#### verses to Use

s love one another; for love is of God.—1 John 4:7.  
t some of the Bible verses used previously.

#### and Songs to Use

Helper." (K)  
Garden." (P)

## Summer Thanks

For all the joys that summer brings,  
For sunshine and for shade;  
For flowers bright; for gossamer wings;  
For sheltered nook and glade;  
For vegetables in colors gay;  
For fruits like jewels rare;  
We thank Thee, God, this summer day  
For gifts that show Thy care.

—JESSIE B. CARLSON

## "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"

PSALM 127:2

Our Father planned our day and night  
And surely knows what's best;  
He giveth his beloved sleep  
And means that all should rest.  
Our Father planned the world for us  
And surely knows what's right;  
He made the busy, humming day,  
The quiet, restful night.

—NONA KEEN DUFFY

## All the Things

All the things outdoors we see  
God has planned for you and me.<sup>5</sup>

—EVA B. MC CALLUM

## God Loves His Children Everywhere

It makes no difference,  
East or West,  
Wherever we may be,  
God is our Father, Friend, and Guide,  
His gifts are showered on every side;  
He cares for you and me!

It makes no difference,  
North or South,  
Wherever we may be,  
God loves His Children everywhere,  
And guards us with His tender care;  
He loves both you and me!<sup>6</sup>

—ETHEL WENDELL TROUT

## Dear Father, Bless Each Little Child

Dear Father, Bless Each Little Child  
Dear Father, bless each little child  
And keep us all, we pray,  
Safe in Thy loving care until  
Another happy day.<sup>7</sup>

—LOUISE M. OGLEVEE

<sup>5</sup>From *Learning in the Nursery Class*, The Bethany Press.  
<sup>6</sup>From *Hymns for Junior Worship*, Westminster Press. Used by permission.

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ILLUSTRATED BY CARMON W. LIVSEY

# Cuddle Bear Meets Some Help

*And was he surprised? ! ? !*

**C**UDDLE BEAR was having a bad time.

In other words, Cuddle Bear had his paws full.

It all started when he came upon a log down by the river. Cuddle Bear had been over to the sassafras thicket to pick some of the green shoots that were so sweet and tender in the summertime. He had gathered a fat bundle of them and it had been quite a long walk.

So when Cuddle came to the log, he sat down to rest.

Goodness, but it felt good to his tired little legs! And as he nibbled away at the fresh bark of a sassafras stem a wonderful idea came to Cuddle Bear.

"How very nice it would be," he thought, "if I had this log up under the pine tree by our doorway. I could sit on it every day. I could eat my honey cakes there, too," Cuddle Bear told himself. The very idea made him stand up and give the log a push, just to see if he could move it.

Yes, it moved quite easily.

Cuddle Bear forgot all about his tiredness then. He gave the log a second push, a strong one. This time the log rolled over twice. That was enough for Cuddle Bear. He decided then and there that he would have that seat under the pine tree up the hill.

Push-roll-push! Cuddle Bear had started.

Everything went very well along the path on the river bank, for there the ground was level.

But now—oh, goodness me—now the path was beginning to climb. The log would roll over when Cuddle Bear pushed it up the slope, but as soon as he took his paws away, back it would come again. Then on top of all that, there was the bundle of sassafras stems for him to carry.

Well, all in all, Cuddle Bear more than had his paws full.

Push-puff-push. Up the log went, then back it came again. Cuddle Bear tried to put his foot against it to hold it.

But—E-e-e-e! That pinched his toes.

Push-puff-push! Oh, dear, now the sassafras bundle was falling apart.

"E-e-e-e!" squealed Cuddle Bear again.

Then from behind him Cuddle heard a voice. At first he thought it was just an echo. Then, when he stood up to listen, he heard it again.

"Hi, hello, Cuddle Bear!"

Cuddle Bear grinned. Good! Maybe someone was coming to help him. He held the log with one paw and turned about. But what he saw made him all but squeal out a third time—this time with disappointment.

For the voice belonged to, of all people in Piney Forest, Tiny Turtle!

And what good could Tiny Turtle be to him, Cuddle Bear, at a time like this?

"Oh, hello, Tiny Turtle!" Cuddle Bear could not put much cheer-

fulness into his greeting even though he had not seen Tiny Turtle for a long time. Nor did Tiny Turtle's next remark help things much.

"Whatever are you trying to do, Cuddle Bear?" Tiny Turtle's voice was high and thin.

Somehow it made a prideful feeling grow inside of Cuddle. He was not going to have anyone as little as Tiny Turtle think that a bear was not strong enough to roll a log up the hill.

"Oh, I am rolling this log up to make a seat under our pine tree," Cuddle Bear tried to make it seem like a little job.

"Oh," said Tiny Turtle. That was all. Then Tiny Turtle pulled his head in his shell a little to start on his way.

But before he left, Cuddle Bear gave the log a good push just to show Tiny Turtle how strong he really was. The log rolled over twice, to be sure, but before Cuddle could catch it, back it came.

"E-e-e-e!" Cuddle Bear just had to squeal out in despair.

Then the surprising thing happened.

Tiny Turtle spoke again.

"Wait, Cuddle Bear." Tiny Turtle's head came out from his shell and he began to crawl up the path toward Cuddle Bear. "Wait, and I will help you."

Cuddle Bear did wait, but more to catch his breath than to do what Tiny Turtle told him. As if Tiny

*(Continued on page 30.)*

By ANNE M. HALLADAY



*Camels always seem so big. But there are baby camels, too, you know. You'll like little Humpy and his great big mother*

# Now, Humpy Knows!

By MARY CHISHOLM SWEETSER

AS HAD EVERY baby camel before him, Little Humpy wanted to ride on his own mother's back on his first trip across the desert, but she had said no.

"No! Our master would never stand for it. You must ride on ahead, on the back of the nurse-camel, where I can see you. If you were on my back, I might think you were a bag of salt, and go back to the last camp looking for you. That would make a lot of trouble for everybody. Our master might even talk of selling both of us. No!"

It was all new to Humpy. He swayed from one side to the other in his hammock on the shaggy back of the nurse-camel, never once taking his eyes from his mother, plodding close behind them. On and on they traveled through the dark night, and by noon

the next day the caravan of camels rested. Little Humpy was lifted from his hammock and ran excitedly to his mother for milk. After he had finished drinking, he doubled his legs under him, as he had seen the other camels do, and nuzzled his mother's warm furry side for comfort. She was chewing her cud. Humpy watched her mouth moving from side to side, and felt her warm eyes upon him.

"Goom!" ordered the caravan master. At that word, all the camels got to their feet. Someone lifted Humpy into his hammock again, and the caravan continued on its way.

But the little baby camel was very sad. He still wished he were on his own mother's back. And he whimpered. Then he began to cry out loudly.

No one paid any attention to him for a long time. Then, the animals were brought to a halt, and the men grouped about Humpy, shaking their fists at one another and talking in loud voices.

Humpy cried out again—this time, louder than before.

Finally, someone was untying the hammock, shifting his mother's load to the nurse-camel, and putting him where he had longed to be—on his own mother's back.

But the sand and the sky were all mixed up. With the sudden turn of his mother's body beneath

call of her baby's cry, was looking wildly to the left and to the right, growing smaller in the distance.

Humpy cried out in his loneliness, but there was no one to hear. The hot wind rushed over him, and the sand beat against his little body like sharp needles. He lay very still, not daring to open his eyes for a long time.

Darkness came. The sand piled up around him, almost to his ears, and he thought the wind would never stop blowing.

Finally, it did stop, and everything was quiet. Humpy wriggled out of the mound of sand, opened his eyes, and stared straight ahead in the darkness, but he could see nothing at first.

Then far off he could see something coming toward him. He tried to get to his feet, but the sand held him down. If only he could run. It might be his mother.

Humpy, waiting, could only open his eyes wide and stare. There were two camels. And one was his mother! He tried again to get to his feet, but could not. He burrowed his head in the sand, closed his eyes and waited.

Then there was a faint cry, a whimper of delight, and Humpy looked up to see his mother's eyes caressing him. He felt her big soft lip against his own, and he got up on unsteady legs.

The nurse-camel was standing by, the hammock on her back empty. Their master stood, waiting.

Humpy was glad when he lifted him to the nurse-camel's back.

(Continued on page 31.)



him, Humpy thought he would be thrown from his hammock. His mother was snorting and the sand was flying about in all directions from her heavy feet. It settled thick upon him, scratching his sides. He closed his eyes, blew the sand from his nostrils, breathed in again, and they closed like two little doors.

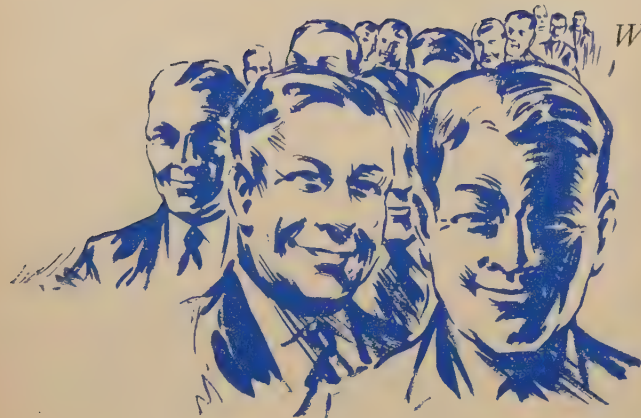
Never, in all his short life, had he heard such queer sounds coming from his mother. He wished she would not run so fast! He poked out his head and looked around. The wind was blowing harder, but it only sent his mother's feet flying faster.

Shifting his little body to get away from the scratching sand, Humpy leaned far out over the edge of the hammock. With a thud he landed on the hot desert.

His mother, already beyond the



*Just like a woman's club! But read to the end  
of the article to see what happened.  
Could you be a Trudy Malone  
under similar circumstances?  
Was she right?*



# Just like

**T**RUDY MALONE'S fingers trembled as she threaded her needle with blue embroidery floss. She glanced swiftly at the other women calmly sewing in a circle filling the room.

"And this morning when I took Boyd's gray suit to the cleaner I found the important letter he was supposed to have mailed for me last week!" Young Jane White paused for dramatic effect.

"Just like a man," chorused half a dozen wives knowingly.

"Now let us hear from Mrs. Malone, our newest member," Gladys Thompson, the president, suggested generously.

"You can call me the newest ex-member of the Stitch and Chat Club," Trudy kept her voice level. "I considered it a real compliment to be asked to join when I moved to your neighborhood. And, too, I was flattered to be invited because I am at least ten years older than any of you. But I never dreamed it was a club for panning husbands!"

A murmur of disapproval rustled through the room.

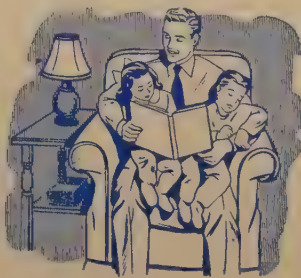
"Please explain your last statement," Gladys Thompson demanded.

"Certainly," Trudy nodded. "During the hour that we have been sewing, the only topic of conversation of the group has been the faults of husbands! I feel that looking for and talking about faults is all wrong. Friend Husband will surely follow our example and point out our shortcomings on every possible occasion. Expressing appreciation for a man will encourage him to continue to merit our praise, and usually makes him notice our good qualities!"

"We don't mean any harm," Betty Morris defended.

"Of course not," Jane White snapped. "A girl has to let off steam now and then, or the resentments and hurts build up to stifle her!"

"But all of you are focusing your attention only upon faults," Trudy continued. "I am sure each of you would loyally back your husband in any real crisis, but you have not learned to stand firmly behind him in the little everyday matters which are more important. By training yourselves to look only for shortcomings, you are jeopardizing the warm companionship and unity which make a marriage truly happy."



"Do go on," Kitty Parish urged sarcastically.

"Please think over my words before you conclude that I am a cranky, interfering old busybody," Trudy begged. "I could never live with myself if I silently let you make one of the biggest mistakes possible for wives!"

"Honestly, Mrs. Malone," Gladys began sharply.

"Yes, let's be honest," Trudy broke in. "You have all mentioned unpleasant things about your husbands, labeling them, 'Just like a man!' Well, isn't it just like a woman to forget to sew on a button now and then? Probably that vexes a husband as much as it bothers you when he fails to mail letters."

"I am guilty there," Jane White admitted sheepishly.

"Have you ever wondered why the man who works in a crowded store all day buries himself in the newspaper in the evening, only grunting a reply to his wife's constant chatter?" Most of the ladies of the Stitch and Chat Club had dropped their sewing and were staring sullenly at Trudy.

"Might he he craves quiet and solitude after being exposed to crowds and noise all day," Gladys answered.

"Exactly," the older woman nodded. "And before scolding the man-of-your-life for being late to





# man!

dinner, remember his patience while waiting for you to get ready for church," Trudy looked at Kitty Parish.

"You must have seen Rod pacing our front porch while I made him tardy last Sunday," Kitty's face was pink.

"It is just like a man to forget his wife's birthday," Trudy said, eyeing Vivian Russell. "But that does not excuse her for deliberately neglecting to observe his birthday! Any man likes a cake baked in his honor, and a greeting card or a little note of love."

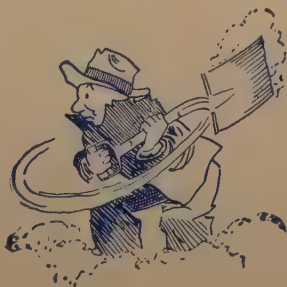
"So does a woman," Vivian was defiant.

"Yes," Trudy grinned at her. "You might try circling the date of your birthday on Hubby's calendar. Or just come right out and say it is next Monday. This will prevent hard feelings for you and embarrassment for him, and the birthday gift will be as lovely as though you had not jogged his memory."

"I suppose so," Vivian conceded grudgingly.

"It may be just like a man to raise the roof over the monthly bills," Trudy was obviously quoting. "Sometimes we forget it is also like a man to stay home from his lodge meeting or from a golf tourney to baby-sit so his deserving little wife can get out."

"How did you know about Bill missing the tourney?" Nina Smith asked.



"A little bird told me," Trudy chuckled. Then she grew serious. "By now you know why I got the impression that this club is an excuse for complaining about husbands. Do you realize the only relative you have a chance to choose is your spouse? When you criticize the man you married you are admitting poor judgment in choosing him."

"I had not thought about it in that way," Gladys appeared to be voicing the opinions of the rest.

"How can children feel a deep love and respect for their father if Mom is constantly finding fault with him?"

Trudy asked. "You may be undermining your child's all-important sense



of security when you belittle the man who earns the family living. Some day Junior will discover that Pop is not perfect, but during childhood he should be allowed to consider his dad a hero."

"I don't know why we ever let the habit of being critical build up like this," Gladys sighed.

"Relating the good in others can become a habit, too," Trudy said brightly. "The faults you complain about now, are mostly the ones you overlooked when Hubby

was your sweetheart. Nagging seldom makes a man want to change his ways, but it can cause him to change his mind about the wonderful person the Little Woman really is!"

"We organized this club because we felt wives need an interest outside the home," Jane explained after a brief pause.

"That is true," Trudy spoke with conviction. "I wish you could find an interest more vital than just meeting to sew and talk."

"As a group, you might look into the needs for war orphans,



and help raise funds for their relief. Just becoming thoroughly absorbed in the missionary efforts of your own church might

broaden your horizons. How about volunteering to do nurses' aid work at the local hospital? I spend one afternoon a week doing it, and more women are needed."

"I'd love to do that," Gladys beamed. "We might take turns caring for the children so several mothers could serve."

"Fine," Trudy approved. "Every woman needs a cause so worth while that the petty annoyances of daily living are dwarfed into unimportance. Social activities, no matter how pleasant, do not always fill that need."

There was a buzz of quiet talking, then Betty Morris rose.

"Madam Chairman," she said, "I wish to express my appreciation to Mrs. Malone for having the courage to talk to us so frankly. I intend to take her words to heart, and I am sure my husband and I will both be happier because of it."

"Everyone who agrees with Betty, please stand," Gladys said.

Trudy Malone was the only lady left in her chair!



*It was a big idea that sprouted in a small town congregation 85 years ago. And now a third generation helps little New Yorkers get relief from summer heat in farm and village homes. A truly Christian project blots out city skylines with . . .*

## The “Friendly Towns”

**O**AKFIELD, usually a quiet place, is, on one day a year, gripped with excitement. On that day, hosts of Oakfielders flock to the railroad station in time to meet the train from New York City. For the Oakfielders, that train seems to bristle with its very special cargo—boys and girls from the big metropolis who are to spend a summer vacation in their little town.

But Oakfield is not just a summer camp. It is, instead, a “Friendly Town.” Its people, houses, gardens, fields and woods—all will welcome the little guests from the big city. And Oakfield is not the only “Friendly Town.” There are others—part of a big idea for little people’s happiness.

This idea originated seventy-five years ago. Today, a New York newspaper, the *Herald Tribune*, organizes and administers the altruistic enterprise with money obtained from many sources, the contributions to the “Fresh Air Fund.” Sprouting from a tiny seed in 1877, the project has grown and grown. A few years ago—in the summer of 1949—more than 1,400 “Friendly Towns” welcomed some 6,000 boys and girls. Then, the 1,400 villages and towns waited impatiently for “their” children—for the 6,000 boys and girls carrying small bundles in their hands and high expectations in their hearts.

But who planted the tiny seed back in 1877? Who suggested a trip on a railroad train for boys and girls when such a trip was still a novelty for many of the nearly two million New Yorkers? Just how did the idea originate?

**I**T ALL BEGAN in Sherman, a small village hidden deep in the Pennsylvania mountains, in the beautiful Delaware valley and almost at a point where three states meet—Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey. And it all began, not because the villagers had any connection with New York City, but because the summer was so hot. Yes, hot and depressing, even in the mountains surrounding Sherman. While complaining about the heat, the villagers suddenly became alarmed about New York City. There, in the humid atmosphere of the sea-level metropolis, the masonry walls store up the heat, making the nights unbearable. The people of Sherman could do nothing about the New York weather. But what about the children living there? Could they find relief?

As was to be expected, some of the villagers talked it over with their own minister, Mr. William Parson. But he couldn’t supply the an-

A few of the children assembling at rail and bus terminals to leave on vacations in “Friendly Towns.”





# Call

swer, either. Not at once, that is. Finally, he answered their questions by asking some questions of his own:

"Couldn't we find a practical solution?" he said to the members of his flock. "Instead of merely talking about New York's children, couldn't we send an invitation to New York for as many children as you are willing to take? Couldn't we get these away for a few weeks at least?" No, he told them, he didn't have in mind establishing just another camp. The kids should experience all the joys of a camp—woods, meadows, fresh air, swimming, and the like.

"What more?" the villagers asked.

They should be taken into the life of individual families, the minister explained—families who would make themselves responsible for the children. The children should get acquainted with an America quite different from the one they knew—an America made up of poor and, very often, desolate homes. Thus, one of the most loving ideas ever conceived in America was born.

**W**HAT THAT country minister contrived seventy-five years ago has taken strong roots. The *Herald Tribune's* Fresh Air Fund is the power station for the enterprise, and from all corners of the Eastern States, fuel comes streaming in. One letter may bring a child's pocket money; the next a share of the profit of a well-known corporation; another the money old people send from their life savings. Wills provide for the "Fresh Air Children."

Within a radius of three hundred miles of New York, there is not a single small town or village that has not been once, at least, a "Friendly Town." Many of them have remained on the list for years, and in some families the third generation is performing this service for New York children. The girdle of love is not only winding around New York State; it stretches from Maine to Virginia!

There is a lot of ambitious promotion everywhere when a place is to become a "Friendly Town" or is already one. The local newspaper works hard to



Familiar only with cats, dogs, or caged animals in a zoo, the newcomers quickly made new friends of the farm animals in "Friendly Town" barns and pastures.

rouse the interest of its readers. The local radio station does not want to lag behind. Clubs and organizations are solicited for the work; even the grocer and the druggist fall in line. Neighbor vies with neighbor in a friendly sort of way. And how proudly does each citizen guide his first young guests through Main Street on a sunny summer day!

The young guests find themselves in strange surroundings. In the big city whence they came, many had no idea of the world beyond the next movie house, the next filling station, the next play street. They often believed that the milk they drank was produced by a machine in a factory, that is, until they met the real "producer." They presumed that the subway would bring them to their destination. In their narrow lives in the endless city they had no idea of the vastness of America.

They reveal a boundless enthusiasm for this new world. Rural tools and machines amaze them. Many wish to become farmers. All of them, impetuously, take to their hearts the animals they discover. Perhaps they have seen a gorilla in a zoo, but never a horse in a pasture, or a scared hare or a crowing cock. For one boy, it was love at first sight when he saw a goat, and the animal followed him wherever he went. The child was quite disconsolate when he could not take the goat with him to New York.

But living with strangers in their summer homes often requires a lot of understanding. Two youngsters, to the surprise of their hosts, told them: "Papa has a Cadillac and a Chevrolet." But the illusion of grandeur, and the hosts' indignation, soon disappeared. Papa had refused to sell the Cadillac for ten dollars because he hoped to get more for the parts; the "Chevy" was a hermit on an empty lot in Brooklyn. Sometimes the children refer to television sets



at home. Again, no indignation is warranted. The sets are acquired by a few dollars down payment and are usually taken away long before they are paid for in full. In these efforts at adjustment, strange problems arise. One woman in a country town overwhelmed a little girl shortly after her arrival, with the gift of a whole new wardrobe. The child, who hadn't been homesick at all—very few children are—was soon seized with a severe attack. She was so excited by the gift that only one thought governed her mind—show it to Mommy! No reasoning helped. She had to be sent home.

A strong tie of love is usually woven around these children and their summer hosts, and it is often one that outlasts the season. At headquarters early every fall letters begin pouring in, and always with the same request: "Can you send us the child we had in the summer, to be with us again for Christmas?" Hundreds of New York children then have a rare experience. They return to that place where they had the glorious summer vacation. But now it is like a dream in a winter tale, with sleds and skating in wide open spaces, and Christmas in a village or small-town family circle.

At times it is the small town host who visits his erstwhile guests. In Clinton, upstate New York, there was a man who never in his life had gone to the

metropolis. He just didn't feel like it. Now he is visiting twice a year. "Just want to see how the kids are getting along." In a letter to the fund he wrote: "I would rather lose everything I have than to have lost the summer when I took in the children."

These children from Lower East Side New York have a simple, incomparable way of casting warm sunshine into the heart of a man in Clinton or in Oakfield or whatever the name of the "Friendly Town" may be. One woman in a small town in Virginia wrote an essay about the little girl who came to her from the sidewalks of New York, and she titled it: "My Little Morning Glory." Really the Kingdom of Heaven belongs to the children!

Indeed, the Fresh Air Fund teaches a powerful lesson: Friendship and love and kindness are the pillars supporting human minds and hearts. Many, many reports tell of the heavy hearts of most of these foster parents when the children have boarded the train home. Emptiness remains. Yet to become mutually adjusted was usually not an easy task. Out of the noisy, perplexing life of the giant city, from quarters of poverty where the young minds were influenced by sights of unrest and vice, they emerged into the quietness and peace of the simple, homely ways of life in a small town or on a farm.

## Books for the Hearth Side

### For Adults

Prospective young parents will be interested in **The Stork and You**, by Joan Younger (Westminster Press, 139 pages, \$2.00). Here, for what is probably the first time under a single cover, is complete, helpful, and charmingly written information on getting ready for the "blessed event." While most of the information is directed at the mother-to-be, a look over her shoulder by the father-to-be will give him a few pointers on how to conduct himself during this preparatory period. These chapter titles indicate the content and vitality of the author's style: Signs and Symptoms; Fears and Fancies; Food and the Future; The Battle of the Bulge; Labor Day and the Hospital; Recuperation—Family Style.

The author has a successful career of journalism behind her, including a five-year period as Associate Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, from which she recently resigned. She is no novice at this stork business, as she wrote the book during the nap times of her fourth baby's first six months. Here is wise counsel for a happy and healthy pregnancy.

Would you like to catch something of the atmosphere of life in "merrie" England back in the days when the Bible was first being translated into English? Then read C. E. L'Ami's **The Green Madonna** (Westminster Press, 302 pages, \$3.75). This is a story of the early stirrings of the spirit of freedom that ultimately resulted in modern democracy. It is a story of the state struggling to free itself from the corrupt ecclesiasticism of the fifteenth century. It relates something of the move toward freedom of the serfs, whose slavings earned them little but abuse. It gives account of the elements of a true church breaking with the bonds of a false church. It is also the record of two somewhat unusual love stories, although this part of the narrative is not the major part. The whole story is told in a literary style that preserves the mood and language of the period that is reflected in our King James Version of the Bible.

The author is a native-born Irishman, now living in Canada, as lecturer in journalism at the University of Manitoba.

### For Young People

"Go west, young man, go west!" is the theme of **Rim-Rocked**, by E. D. Mygatt (Longmans, Green, & Co., 215 pages, \$2.50). Three boys, Dave 16, and Stu 15, brothers, and Ned 18, a friend, spend the summer on a Wyoming ranch owned by an old friend of Dave and Stu's father. He is about to lose it because of failure to keep taxes and interest paid up. How the boys help save the ranch and the adventures they have together make a story that will thrill most young Americans. A new, twentieth century kind of prospecting also adds interest to the narrative.

The author, a native of New York who has lived in the Big Horn country of Wyoming for many years, writes with knowledge and enthusiasm of her adopted homeland.

### For Children

Good biography makes good reading. Girls and boys will enjoy Virginia Haviland's **William Penn, Founder and Friend** (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 128 pages, \$1.50). They will discover how great and good a man was William Penn and how the entire record of our country might have been different if we had used more of his tactics in dealing with the Indians. At least one spot of our history would not be so black and shameful. Here is a brief account of the whole life span of the founder of Pennsylvania. It is one of the books in the Makers of America series of biography for younger readers.

The author is a librarian in the Boston Public Library. The book is pleasingly illustrated by Peter Burchard.

Children are always looking for something to do. They'll find it in **Do It Yourself!** a book of tricks, stunts and skits assembled by Bernice Wells Carlson (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 159 pages, \$2.00). Can you tie a handkerchief without letting loose of the corners or shifting hands? Can you cut a postcard so that you can pass your body through it? Can you float a needle on a glass of water? Blow through a bottle? Bend a bone (not one of your own, of course!)? You can do all these and many more tricks and stunts after you read this interesting book.





# Family Counselor

*Be sure to read Harold's challenge about instincts versus morality and unselfishness. Selfishness is a product of the stomach, while unselfishness comes from the brain. Selfishness is innate, but charity, like piano playing, must be learned.*

**Question (from Harold E., aged 27, who was in one of my college classes):** "If the instincts of sex and of self-preservation are so strong, how is it possible for us to hope for peace and brotherly love in this war-torn world?" he very logically asked.

"We have a stomach as the basis of our desire for food, and sex organs to prompt our desire for love, but do we have any specific organ in our anatomy for peace, or for religion, or for music?"

"Dr. Crane, how can we ever learn to live in peace? Wars have involved the U.S.A. almost every twenty-five years."

## Your Greatest Organ

**Answer:** This does sound like a poser, doesn't it? Why weren't we built with an organ in our anatomy that would clamor for peace, much as our stomach demands food three or four times per day?

Well, we couldn't carry around too many different organs, like the liver and stomach, for they'd make us too heavy; so we were given a "million-in-one" organ called the brain.

It is a plastic nervous organ which can be subdivided by diligent training into literally millions of attitudes, habits, and ideals, which in turn generate specific "hungers."

Animals and mankind will occasionally ignore their stomach hunger if they see that death lies ahead if they touch a morsel of food.

## Hunger for Music

Early American settlers also left their homes in Europe for freedom of worship and the right to grow wealthy if they worked hard. Those hungers were brain hungers, and led to all sorts of bravery.

The colonial farmers thus withstood the trained forces of England and the paid Hessians, though many died on the battlefields. Hunger for liberty, again! And the "organ" that developed that hunger? The brain!

Music is also a product of the brain, and can produce almost unpredictable effects in human behavior. The "Marseillaise" has been forbidden at times in French history because it inflamed the soldiery too much.

The brain is thus the most wonderful organ in our entire anatomy, for it permits an endless variety of behavior not otherwise possible.

## Marvels of the Brain

We supplement our eyes with telescopes and view the heavenly bodies. We employ microscopes and see bacteria. With the radio we hear whispers breathed from the far corners of the earth. But it has been estimated that we never employ twenty-five per cent of our nervous tissue. So we need not worry, therefore, about burning out a nerve cell!

And we should implant in our children, through daily training, such good habits as religion and

brotherly love, instead of prejudice and hatred. We should also inculcate a desire for good music, literature and art, for good sportsmanship, for happy marriage, freedom from divorce, and for this Republic in contrast to a democracy, which means "mobocracy," where mobs rule by force or majority vote, and then ignore the rights of minorities.

The brain of every child lies waiting for parents and teachers to mold it into sets of habits that will function even more powerfully than actual "organs," and create permanent hungers for music, literature and love, as well as the brotherhood of man.

★ ★ ★

*We adults must furnish youngsters with interesting ideas. For when children grow irritable and pick on each other or their parents, it often means they are bored. They simply need new suggestions for entertainment. So be sure to read my answer to Della, and paste this case in your scrapbook.*

**Question (from Della R., aged 31, who is the mother of three children):** "Dr. Crane, sometimes I think they'll drive me to distraction," she confessed. "When they are all in the house together, they often become cross and irritable. Then they'll come and ask me what they can do, or what they can play. Swamped in my housework, about all I can say is for them to go outdoors and do something. I know this is too vague a suggestion to be of much help to them."

(Continued on next page.)



"But what can I do, Dr. Crane? They are bored with the sameness of their environment, and I am so busy I can't think of anything novel or interesting. So we get on each other's nerves."

### Keep a Game Bank

*Answer:* Della's difficulty is very common, and illustrates the fact that we cannot rely on inspiration of the moment.

The people who are most successful in life are those who plan ahead. They anticipate their dilemmas and figure out a solution long before they actually encounter those same problems in reality.

Many a time Mrs. Crane and I have felt like Della, for our five children also have become bored by the sameness of their play and have asked us for new ideas.

And maybe we could think of scarcely one new game on the spur of the moment. So we began to keep a game "bank," in which we deposited ideas for entertainment.

We typed a list of common games which we could consult when the children grew irritable. Then, instead of having nothing constructive to suggest, we could calmly

thumb the pages till we found something to which they would react favorably.

### Children Like Novelty

Children can usually entertain themselves, but frequently they reach an impasse where they feel stymied. That is when they grow irritable and start picking on each other unless an adult can offer them a new game or idea; then they'll go off on the new tangent quite happily.

Such a suggestion will often act like oil on raging waters. It transforms the bickering and fighting into constructive play. At family reunions, perhaps you have also noticed how the children may insist on staying indoors at the very time the women want them out of the kitchen.

If you will organize a penny hunt, you can clear the house at once. Send the youngsters up the road till you give the signal. Then scatter fifteen or twenty pennies over the lawn.

The youngsters will usually be content for half an hour while hunting the money. You can vary this plan by hiding lollipops and

gum. The children prefer the actual candy to the pennies, but both are effective.

Many common games can be given a new twist and thus converted into something different. We have a croquet set, but the children grow tired of the game if we play very often.

For variation, therefore, we dispense with the wickets and mallets, using only the two stakes and the balls. Then we choose partners, as in horseshoe pitching, and try to roll the ball toward the opposite stake. The one who gets closest wins the round.

We set the score for a game at 11 or 21, and the first team to reach that total wins the game.

### Where the Heart Is

(From page 9.)

"Yes, I'll have the children. But they're married now, and a home and family take up an awful lot of time, you know."

*I know, Mrs. Harvey thought quickly. I know. Building a home is a full-time job. It's a lifework. The children are busy with that work. They don't really need me any more.*

Millie's voice broke into her thoughts again. "And you'll have your own smart apartment. Everything the way you want it. I'd jump at the chance!"

There was a silence between them for a moment or two. The bus was moving rapidly now, taking the miles in great leaps. Presently Mrs. Harvey said slowly, "I wonder if you would, Millie?"

SHE WATCHED the prairie landscape unroll beside the bus. A memory was struggling for recognition within her mind and with difficulty she began to piece it together.

It had to do with the first car they had bought, she and Kenneth. She remembered how carefully they had saved for it. She remembered their pride in it and the way they had looked upon it almost as a member of the family. She remembered, too, how she had cried like a kid when at last the car had been sold. And somehow every car they had bought after that was just a car—just a means of transportation, and not something that was a part of them.

Mrs. Harvey sat up straighter in her seat. A great excitement seemed suddenly to come to life within her, spreading throughout her entire body until she was filled with the energy it radiated. She knew now what the memory had been trying to tell her. She had only to make the carry-over between the past and the present to know with certainty that any apartment Leona might find for her would only be a place in which to live. It would never be home.

(Continued on next page.)

## Give HEARTHSTONE for a Gift!

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She felt the vast relief of being free from doubt. She knew what she must do, but there was Millie to be considered first. She must find the words, somehow, to reassure Millie for whom the adventure was only beginning.

"You're wrong about a city, you know, Millie. It has no magic to bring your dreams to life. That's up to you, anywhere you are." She broke off, then added anxiously, "Maybe you have realized something of that, since you are going back to a little town yourself?"

Millie's voice was hesitant, almost apologetic.

"Well—you see, there's George!"

Mrs. Harvey opened her mouth to speak, and then, suddenly, she laughed. It was a young laugh, gay and happy sounding. "Yes, Millie, you are quite right. There's George!"

She spoke with finality. It had occurred to Mrs. Harvey that there was no need for further words with Millie. She could not understand them now and she would have such a wonderful time learning in the years ahead, the crowded years, full of loving and living that would be hers with George.

The bus was pulling to a stop and Millie was getting up, a little flustered, her face blushing slowly as she held her purse and suitcase tightly in one hand and put out her other hand to Mrs. Harvey.

"G'by, Mrs. Harvey." A dimple showed somewhere in the smooth young cheek as she smiled. "I guess George will be waiting for me."

She was gone then with a swish of her bright red skirt and a clatter of her gay high heels, and the bus was going, too, rolling forward on the dusty highway.

The smooth green seat of the bus felt comfortable. It invited relaxation, but Mrs. Harvey was finding it difficult to relax. There were too many plans forming in her head, the ideas thrusting themselves eagerly forward. It was getting pretty close to time for the Ladies' Aid Bazaar but she ought to have time to run up a few things on the sewing machine. Aprons didn't take long and they always sold like hot cakes. The house would be a mess, of course. She would have to see to that first and maybe get a little canning done, too. Without any trouble at all her thoughts slid into the familiar circle that had formed the pattern of her years for half a lifetime.

She rummaged in her purse until she found a key. Just looking at it brought to mind the way it stuck a little in the front door, the way the door opened inward when you gave it a little push. Inward. She liked that. It was—inviting, somehow.

The bus was sliding to a stop at Greenfield. Mrs. Harvey got up quickly and reached for her leather suitcase.

Only one case for such a short stay, Leona had said. As she swung it from the luggage rack she thought briefly, *Leona was wrong*. Then she was walking steadily out of the bus still holding her key, ready, in her hand.

*Family picnic, class or club round-up—whatever the occasion, here are some suggestions for . . .*

# FUN FOR ALL

## At the next party

By WALTER KING

**Y**OU must have plenty of fun-making stunts and games on the program if you expect your party to be an outstanding success. Here are a few ideas to help make the next party not only exciting but different.

**Coin-centration.** While the guests are arriving, aim to have something that will keep the early birds busy. A good game of skill will do the trick. Place a tin cup inside a metal bowl, and then put the bowl inside a large dishpan. The three vessels, one inside the other, are then placed on the floor about eight feet from a starting line. When ready, each player is given four coins: 25 cents, 10 cents, 5 cents, and 1 cent. The idea of the game is to try to toss all four coins, thrown one at a time, into the cup. Points are awarded as follows: in the cup, three times the value of the coin; in the middle-sized bowl, twice the value of the coin; in the dishpan, the actual value of the coin. You will see from this that the highest possible score is 123 (if all four coins land in the cup). Any score above 100 is marksmanship shooting, and 75 is a pass. Let each guest try three times, and his highest score counts.

When all have arrived, try the **bean relay race**. It's a scream! For this game, you pick sides and number the players so that they can compete against one another in pairs. The two Number Ones start. They are handed a soda straw and a bean. The idea is to draw in the breath so as to hold the bean on the end of the straw. At a given signal the two players

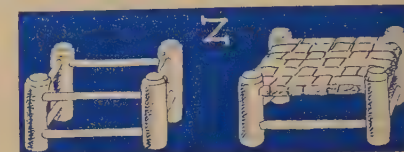
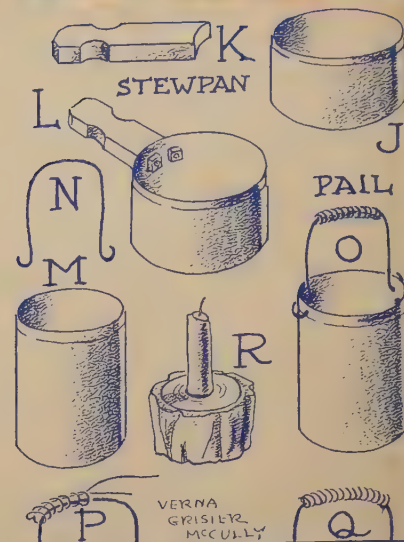
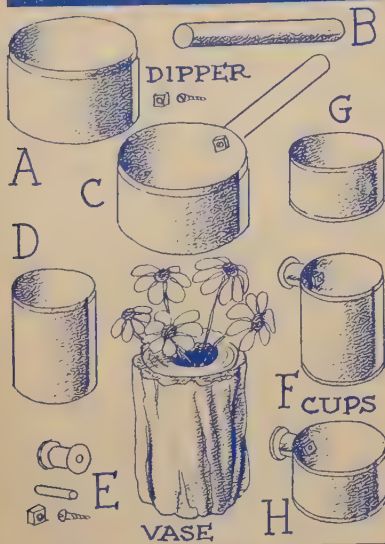
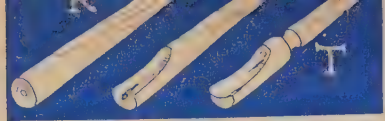
race across the room and deposit the bean in a cup placed on a table. The bean, of course, must not be touched with the hand once the race starts, and, if dropped, it must be sucked up from the floor with the straw. The team winning the greatest number of rounds wins the game.

**Magic Rings.** For a fill-in stunt while lunch is being prepared, perhaps you would like to entertain your friends with a smart magic act. Get three strips of newspaper, each 2 feet long and 1 inch wide. Then make them into paper rings by pasting the ends together. Next proceed to cut each ring down the center to make two rings,  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide. At the same time say, "Now watch closely, friends. Since I am cutting each ring in the same manner, you will naturally expect the same results."

But can they? The first ring comes out in two separate rings, each half the width of the original. The second ring, however, comes out in one piece, double the size of the first ring. But, wonder of wonders, the third is the most surprising of all. It comes out in two rings linked together like links of a chain.

The secret? You paste together the edges of the first ring without having any twists in the strip. But you are careful to give the second strip one twist before you paste the ends together. That is, you hold one end firmly while you turn the other end over through half a circle. And the third strip, of course, gets two such twists before being pasted down.





# camp-time craft

by  
**verna  
grisier  
mccully**

the hole. Make a nail hole in the can, and screw the handle on (Figs. F and H).

For a stewpan, use a large, shallow tin can (Fig. J). If you are lucky enough to find a big round can that cookies or fruit cake came in, this is even better. The stewpan handle is whittled from a piece of wood 2 inches wide, 1 inch thick, and 7 to 9 inches long (Fig. K). Make two nail holes an inch apart and three-quarters of an inch from the edge of the can. Screw in two screws with burrs to hold snugly (Fig. L). If your can had a lid, screw a wooden knob or handle into the center for a pan lid.

Pails are very easy to fix. Any tall can is good. Large fruit-juice cans are fine (Fig. N). Make nail holes at opposite sides near the top. Through these, bend wire (Fig. N) for a handle. Use pliers to turn the wire ends up and safely back (Fig. O). For a good handle grip, wind the top with thick cord. Lay one end of the cord along the wire. Tie it where you begin to wind. Wind round and round both wire and cord (Fig. P). Tie the cord end securely.

A useful candlestick is made from a block of tree branch sawed off (Fig. R). Cut out a center hole with chisel or bit and brace. A vase is made in the same way with a larger block of tree branch. The center hole is bigger too. A small olive bottle fitted into the hole holds water.

A cooking spoon and fork are whittled from two pieces of tree branch 8 to 10 inches long and 2 inches in diameter at the thickest

end. Taste the wood to make sure it is not bitter. Use the smaller end for the handle (Fig. R). Beginning about four inches from the wide end, slice off the top half of the wood, down to the pith (Fig. S). For a spoon, carve out a slightly curved place, taking away all the pith (Fig. T). A little above the bowl, carve a notch circling the wood. Last, round the bottom of the spoon, whittling a little at a time. Sandpaper it.

For a fork, begin as with the spoon (Figs. R and S). Instead of carving out the pith, cut a deep notch to remove it and form the prongs (Fig. V). Whittle the bottom to taper the prongs. Sandpaper inside and outside.

If you are very ambitious, you might make a rustic stool. This has four 10-inch lengths of tree branch for legs. Eight smaller branches 12 inches long are the rungs (Fig. X). Whittle rung ends slightly. Bore holes with bit and brace in the legs. Insert the rungs (Figs. Y and Z). The seat is woven with cloth strips. Cut them 4 inches wide and fold into 2-inch widths. Sew one end firmly around the top rung and then wind it across, under and over. Weave another piece through in the opposite direction. Sew the ends.

**N**EARLY EVERYBODY likes to camp. When you go you need something in which to cook and eat. You can make many of your utensils yourself.

You must have empty tin cans of different sizes, an old broom handle and pieces of wood, a few screws and burrs, empty spools, a length of dowel stick, heavy wire, heavy cord and a few nails. A knife for whittling, a hammer, pliers, a saw and screw driver are the tools needed.

For a dipper, use a shallow tin can. A coffee can (Fig. A), or a smaller can will do. For a handle, saw off eight inches of broomstick (Fig. B). Three-quarters of an inch from the can's rim, punch a hole with nail and hammer. Pound from the inside. Through this hole, work a screw into the broomstick. Start a hole in the wood with a nail (Fig. C).

Cups and mugs are easy to make. Use medium-sized cans (Fig. D), or shallow ones (Fig. G). All cans that do not have fitted lids must be opened with a butterfly can-opener, so the top is cut out smoothly without jagged edges.

A cup or mug handle is an empty spool with a length of dowel stick pounded through the hole. Or you can whittle a piece of wood to fit



# STUDY GUIDE

## on "Does Family Camping Make a Difference?"

By RUSSELL HAWLEY BISHOP

### The Leader's Preparation

In preparing to lead this discussion, the person in charge may find it helpful to do the following things:

1. Ask everyone to read the article.
2. If there is any local person who has attended a Christian family camp, invite him to be present and to give some firsthand experiences in the family camping he has done.
3. Invite the minister of the church to come and express his views on the values to be derived from such a program.
4. Write to your state or national headquarters, requesting descriptive folders on family camping opportunities which are being offered in the summer of 1952. Ask for enough so that they may be available for free distribution; then, when they arrive, arrange them on a display table.

### Principles of Christian Family Camping

The leader may want to mention the four principles listed below and then conduct a discussion of the relevant questions that follow. He should strive to draw out the ideas of those present and to arouse their interest.

1. Each family must be encouraged to do things together, as a family unit.
  - a) How does it help a family to share common activities?
  - b) What are some of the things which families can share together in a Christian family camp?
  - c) What are some of the group experiences which children enjoy with their parents?
2. The camp program must be well planned but flexible.
  - a) What are some of the reasons why a family camp cannot be as highly organized as other camps?
  - b) How can the camp director and the families make the program planning a cooperative venture even after the sessions have begun?
  - c) What are the major areas of camp life where planning must be done in advance? What items can be left for determination after the camp has commenced?
3. The Christian family camp must emphasize the application of our faith to all kinds of family experience.
  - a) How can the Christian spirit be brought to bear upon family recreation?
  - b) How can handwork and crafts be related to the religious way of life in a natural, helpful way?

c) What are some ways in which all members of a family can be encouraged to take part in family worship? Can you think of devotional materials other than the *Secret Place* which are useful for family devotions?

4. A Christian family camp must appeal to the different ages represented in the family.

### When Children Come with You

Plan to have a leader who may:

**Conduct a Story Hour.** Stories illustrating Christian patriotism would be appropriate this month.

**Guide in Making Articles.** The summer months give children more time to make things and to develop worth-while hobbies. Many suggestions can be found in such books as *Holiday Craft and Fun* by Joseph Leeming.

**Direct Games.** Good books on games may be secured from your church or public library. *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin, contains games for children of all ages.

**Plan a Special Project.** If you wish the children to have a part in the observance of Freedom and Democracy Sunday and there is not time on Sunday, you might plan the emphasis for the study meeting. Disciple materials may be obtained by writing to Mrs. Ruth Milner, 222 S. Downey Ave., Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

a) What are the different age groups for which provision would have to be made in planning a family camp?

b) What equipment would be necessary?

### Possible Problems of Family Camping

There are a number of problems which might arise in a family camp and it is well to be forewarned. Here are a few and probably the group can think of others.

1. Illness. If at all possible, it is well to have a doctor or nurse in attendance at camp. You might even be able to get a doctor and his family to attend as campers. There is usually some sickness in every camp, and often your only recourse is to the nearest physician in

a community close to the camp. But whatever the arrangement, it is important to know how to get in touch with someone immediately should a serious health problem arise.

a) Can you think of health safeguards and precautions which should be taken in a family camp?

2. Bad weather. Every mother knows what a problem it is at home when the children must remain indoors. At camp it becomes even more complicated because there are more people who must be kept busy and entertained. Usually the indoor space is not great.

a) What kinds of provisions can be made for bad weather?

b) What game materials and books should be taken to the camp?

3. Friction among the campers. Occasionally one finds a spoilsport or disagreeable individual even in a Christian family camp. After all, we are human and so are always involved in the problem of settling differences. The Christian atmosphere should help children, young people, and adults find creative ways of easing interpersonal tensions.

a) Can you think of conditions which might reduce the probability of conflict?

b) What are some of the ways in which Christians can constructively handle their differences?

c) How can the group spirit be helpful in easing tension spots?

4. Additional problems. These are but a few of the problems which might arise in the Christian family camp.

a) Can you think of others which are not mentioned here?

b) Would it be wise for your group to start planning such a camp for your own church or as a cooperative venture with a few neighboring churches?

### References

Go to your local library and look up "camping" in the card catalogue. Go over the books referred to and borrow those which you think might be useful. Current magazines and those published within the last few years should also contain information on the subject. At your library consult the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* for the exact references. [See also "Summer Is a Bonus," in the May, 1951, *Hearthstone*. —Ed.] The librarian will be happy to help you find pertinent materials. Americans are rapidly becoming more interested in camping, and the literature in the field is improving constantly.



## This Is a Free Country

(From page 3.)

that traffic light at Main and Twelfth that Daddy fusses about every time we pass? He thinks it's a perfect nuisance, but he knows the traffic department has studied that intersection and their records must show that it is necessary. When it's red, Daddy may be tempted to run through it but he knows better than to do that.

"This is a free country, Little Man—which means everybody obeys the laws made by our representatives and our appointed officials, even if some of them inconvenience us. We can protest the rule, we can report mistreatment, we can vote against the people who make a law we think is bad, but we cannot go around breaking rules we resent."

"Any more juice?"

"No, I'm sorry, that's all."

With that, Charles bounded out the back door to the tree house.

When school started that September, sure enough, Charles was appointed a

patrol boy. He received thorough instruction in the traffic rules and ways to protect the little boys and girls on their way to and from school.

"Help me get this belt on right," he said proudly that first morning on duty.

"Now remember, Son—no bossing!" He grinned back at me as I tightened the buckle at his small waistline. "And don't be too hard on the newcomers!"

"Yes, Maw!" he said, with an affectionate grin.

## Cuddle Bear

(From page 18.)

Turtle could do anything to help! Why, Tiny Turtle could not even carry the bundle of sassafras stems for him. Cuddle Bear wanted to laugh.

But Tiny Turtle had come closer and was talking again. "Now Cuddle Bear, you roll it again and hold it for a minute, and I will show you something."

Push-puff-push! Cuddle Bear did as

Tiny Turtle said. Then Cuddle Bear's eyes opened wide and his mouth opened wider. For Tiny Turtle had crawled right up to the log and pushed his hard little shell tight against it.

"Now let go," Tiny Turtle said to Cuddle Bear. Then the little fellow dug his claws into the gravel of the path to take a firm hold.

Cuddle Bear did let go, and wonder of wonders, the log stayed where it was, braced against Tiny Turtle's hard little shell.

"E-e-e-e!" squealed Cuddle Bear, this time with delight. "Why, Tiny Turtle, you held it! You can help me!"

No words ever held more truth. For from then on, each push took the log uphill just a little further.

Then, push-puff-push! At last it rolled onto the level ground of the clearing before the old mine. From there on, all was simple and easy.

And when at last the log pumped against the brown trunk of the old pine tree, Cuddle Bear gave a sigh of relief

(Next page.)

## BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A	The joint between the foot and the leg -----	10	96	123	58	77			
B	Riches -----								
C	One of Israel's greatest kings, husband of Jezebel -----	70	52	89	91	68	55		
D	A coin showing Lincoln's head -----	131	116	124	101				
E	A soldier's leave of absence -----	65	113	98	72	114			
F	Indian way of saying hello -----	130	2	25	30	18	16	47	5
G	Tooth doctor -----	112	128	120					
H	Stuff from which shoes are made -----	26	33	19	4	40	54	37	
I	Fast, or speedy -----	80	45	78	63	38	81	32	
J	Most Godly, or most sacred -----	84	108	87	100	7			
K	Opposite of up -----	28	60	57	71	85	76	43	
L	Grain from which flour is made -----	126	99	103	133				
M	The letters of a language, arranged in order -----	66	51	104	95	83			
N	A command to stop -----	13	23	17	9	29	1	6	3
O	A mongrel dog -----	88	121	119	134				
P	The light of daytime -----	59	93	129	111				
		27	61	34	31	14	73	21	8

1	2	3		4	5	6	7		8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15		16	17	18	19		20	21
22		23	24	25	26		27	28	29	30	31	
32	33	34	35	36		37	38	39	40	41		42
43	44	45	46	47	48	49		50	51	52	53	
54	55	56	57	58		59	60	61	62	63		64
65		66	67	68	69		70	71	72	73	74	
75	76		77	78	79	80	81	82		83	84	85
86		87	88	89	90	91		92	93	94		95
96	97		98	99	100		101	102		103	104	105
106	107		108	109	110		111	112	113	114		115
116	117	118	119		120	121	122	123		124	125	126
	127	128	129		130	131	132	133	134			

Solution on page 31.

Q	Reply -----	56	109	115	12	39	44	
R	A female goat -----	127	117	125	94	86		
S	Movable cover for a window -----	42	49	64	11	15	22	41
T	The most unpleasant, or bad -----	36	24	92	82	50		
U	Covered with hills -----	69	67	90	118	53		
V	Natural ability or skill -----	20	75	122	35	46	48	
W	Little Orphan Annie's dog -----	74	105	62	97	107		
X	A range of hills or mountains -----	106	132	110	79	102		



and sat down upon it. Tiny Turtle let his shell drop down upon the carpet of soft pine needles beside him for a well-earned rest.

Cuddle Bear smiled down upon his little friend.

"Tiny," Cuddle Bear started. By this time all the proud feeling had left him. "Tiny, I wanted to laugh when you said you could help me. I did not think you could. But you are a strong little turtle and you are smart besides."

Tiny Turtle tucked his head back under the roof of his shell for a minute. But Cuddle Bear knew that his little friend was pleased with the praise.

Cuddle Bear was pleased, too. Just giving it was like having the sun on his back. It had sent a warm feeling all through him. Cuddle Bear was sure that from now on he and Tiny Turtle would be better friends than ever. That was what helping each other seemed to do to Piney Forest people.

## BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(Biblegram, page 30.)

"But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint" (Isa. 40:31).

### The Words

A Ankle	M Alphabet
B Wealth	N Halt
C Ahab	O Mutt
D Penny	P Sunlight
E Furlough	Q Answer
F How	R Nanny
G Dentist	S Shutter
H Leather	T Worst
I Hasty	U Hilly
J Holiest	V Talent
K Down	W Sandy
L Wheat	X Ridge

## Now, Humpy Knows!

(From page 19.)

"Ooooh!" groaned his mother, as their master loaded her back with salt from the other camel. They formed a small caravan of their own and scuffed along through the sand toward Mecca.

Looking back, Humpy saw his mother's eyes fixed upon him. "Now, do you know why you must ride ahead on the nurse-camel?" they were saying. "And do you understand why you must lie flat on the desert, when the sandstorm comes?"

Humpy nodded his head. And from that moment, he was no longer a baby. He was beginning to grow up and learn the ways of the desert.

*This Is the Way We Did It . . .*

# Business at Home

By GENE WRIGHT

**M**ANY TIMES it becomes necessary for the woman of the house to earn money. With small children it is sometimes impossible for her to go away from home to work.

It is easy to start a small business in your own home. What can you do better than any other woman in your community? Think over every advantage and disadvantage of selling this service or product to your community. Does it seem like a profitable business?

After you have decided on the business you want to start, go into it on a small scale and do not be impatient to enlarge too fast. Experiment slowly and cautiously.

You are in business. Do not be ashamed of the fact that you have started a business in your own home. Do not try to explain the situation or apologize.

Tell your friends, neighbors, and relatives of your new business. Let them be your advertising agents at first, until your business has become profitable enough so that you can afford to advertise by newspaper, radio, and letter. Telephone messages to prospective customers often help. But before you start talking, have an outline of your sales talk. It must sound businesslike. From the tone of your voice let your prospective customer know that you are favoring her by tell-

ing her of your product. Do not beg to sell to her!

Your self-confidence is your stock in trade. Have a good product that advertises itself. Always be open to suggestion for improvement.

When the time comes that you can send out cards or circulars, do not write them by hand. Have them typed, mimeographed or printed.

To decide on the price you are going to ask, consider everything carefully. Estimate the cost of raw materials, overhead, your own time, selling, wrapping. Give yourself a fair profit but do not make the price too high. You are competing against commercially made products. A low price may draw customers.

Never bicker over the price with a customer. Establish a price and hold it as steady as raw materials will let it remain. Never reduce the price for a special friend. Never raise the price because the product is selling extra well. Steady, good quality is as important as a steady price.

If you want to have afternoon teas for your friends, have them—but not in your place of business. If one customer is not as welcome as another, you will soon not have enough customers to keep your business going.

Let your product, friendly attitude, and price do the selling for you.

Good luck!

*This Is the Way We Did It . . .*

*Hearthstone* would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!





### **Easter in July**

No, we are not advocating such a radical change in the calendar!

That heading illustrates the confusion in this business of editing *Hearthstone*. This editorial page for July must be written just a few days before Easter Sunday. It is a bit difficult to work up a Fourth of July atmosphere in the midst of the observances of the pre-Easter season.

Nevertheless, there is some pertinence to our heading. It is well to remember that "He Lives" just as truly in July or any other month as in the month when the Day of Resurrection falls. Indeed, one of the important reasons for changing from the seventh day to the first day of the week as the day of worship was the fact that the resurrection came on the first day. So every Sunday is Resurrection Day.

*Hearthstone* therefore advocates giving some thought to the resurrection, even in July!

### **Your Home and Politics**

July is the month of the national conventions of the two major political parties in the United States. Both are being held in Chicago. What happens at those meetings will undoubtedly affect your home for some years to come.

*Hearthstone* will not attempt to tell you, or even suggest to you, what you should do in the field of politics. It does believe that you should do something. When this is read it will be much too late to do anything about selecting the standard-bearers for 1952.

These things you can do:

You, as parents, can take an interest in the proceedings. You can become informed more adequately by wider reading. You can talk about the importance of what is going on for your family and for the country. You can emphasize the responsibilities that every person has to work for good, intelligent, honest, effective government. You can try to arouse in your children a sense of respect for the dignity of government and an increasing acceptance of responsibility on their part to be good citizens. Most of all,

you can continue to study issues on a local, state, and national basis so that you can vote intelligently in the fall.

Probably the basic reason for so much corruption in government today is the lack of interest and the failure to vote on the part of the average citizen. There is real truth to the saying, "We get the kind of government we deserve." Let's work harder to get the kind of government we need for this day and generation.

### **Unfulfilled Promises**

It is interesting to go back twenty years and read the promises made by the advocates of repeal of the Prohibition Amendment. Lack of space prevents documentation, but chapter and verse for every one of them can be given.

Here is a summary of those promises:

1. Bootlegging and moonshining would cease.
2. Poisonous liquors would no longer be sold, only "good" liquor.
3. The influence of the underworld in politics and in the liquor trade would be eliminated.
4. There would be less drinking by young people.
5. The saloon would not be permitted to return.
6. Racketeers and gangsters would be routed.
7. Only light wines and beers would be sold.
8. Dry territory would be protected.
9. "Temperance" would be systematically promoted.
10. Taxes would decline.
11. There would be less drinking, less drunkenness, less juvenile delinquency, less immorality.

Does anyone dare to claim that these promises have in any way been fulfilled?

Shall the liquor traffic, which made all these golden promises and has done nothing to fulfill them, now be permitted to advertise unrestrainedly over television and radio, which so directly affects the thinking and behavior of even the smallest children in your home?

Keep after your Congressman and Senators to work for strict control of all liquor advertising.





*Introduce the  
treasures in*

*The* **Hearthstone** *Magazine for the Christian Home*

*to a friend . . .*

What do you usually do with issues of HEARTHSTONE after you have finished using them? Instead of merely waiting for the next Boy Scout paper collection and allowing magazines to become dust collectors, how about giving HEARTHSTONE to a close friend, neighbor or someone who is a shut-in? Just think, if everyone who reads this wholesome magazine would do just that, the reader audience of HEARTHSTONE would be doubled in exactly one month. All church people would truly appreciate the many appealing features and helpful articles in HEARTHSTONE as much as you do. Let's spread the influence of HEARTHSTONE by passing copies around! Those of our readers who are doctors or dentists can easily see how HEARTHSTONE will make a definite contribution to literature tables in their office waiting rooms.

*In coming issues . . .*

A Mother Speaks to Mothers . . . Should Old People Live by Themselves? . . . Encouraging Your Child to Be Creative . . . Variety in Pairs . . . Let's Talk About Family Traditions . . . The Poor Schoolteacher . . . Help Keep Peace in the Family with "the New Attitude" . . . A Week's Vacation with My Baby . . . Family Life in Africa . . . Group Dating . . . Getting to Church School on Time . . . Will Your Teen-Ager Choose a Church Vocation? . . . Family Fun for Halloween . . . Teach Them to Talk . . . Family Life in Alaska . . . How the Teen-Ager "Gets Religion" . . . A Sunday Song Fest . . . A Crusade Against Commercializing Holidays . . . How Much Insurance Is Enough? . . . Season's Eat-in's . . . Family Life in Japan.

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